

BOYS, READ THE RADIO ARTICLES IN THIS NUMBER

# PLUCK AND LUCK

## STORIES OF ADVENTURE.

HARRY E. WOLFF, PUBLISHER, INC., 166 WEST 23D STREET, NEW YORK

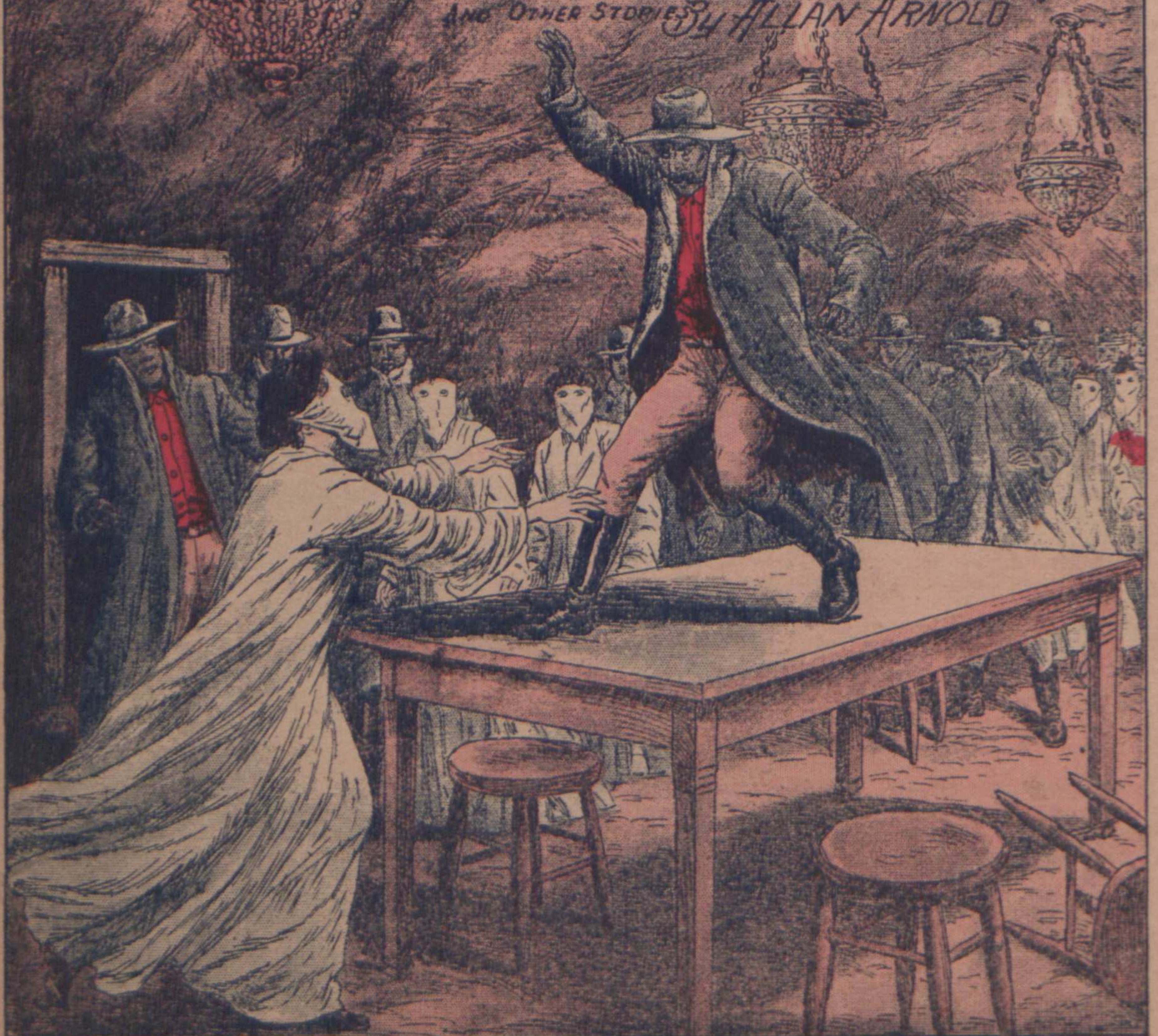
No. 1362

NEW YORK, JULY 9, 1924

Price 8 Cents

### THE DARK SONS OF IRELAND; OR, PLOTTING UNDER THE SHANNON WATER.

AND OTHER STORIES BY ALLAN ARNOLD



Replacing the mask, the woman seized the old veteran by the shoulder, crying: "Will you not dance with me, Colonel Bell? Remember Bullah." With a yell that resounded throughout the whole tunnel, the old veteran sprang on the table.







## PLUCK AND LUCK

Issued weekly—Subscription price, \$4.00 per year; Canada, \$4.50; Foreign, \$5.00. Harry E. Wolff, Publisher, Inc., 160 West 23d Street, New York, N. Y. Entered as Second-Class Matter, February 10, 1913, at the Post-Office at New York, N. Y. under the Act of March 3, 1879.

No. 1362

NEW YORK, JULY 9, 1924

Price 8 Cents.

# The Dark Sons of Ireland

OR, PLOTTING UNDER THE SHANNON WATER

By ALLAN ARNOLD

### CHAPTER I.—Tom of the Tap.

He was as roguish a young rascal as could be found in all Ireland, and his appearance did not belie him in the least. Why he was first called Tom of the Tap no one could tell, but he was well known in the city of Limerick as the bootblack in one of the principal hotels, which was much frequented by the rich landlords of the neighborhood. Tom was a silent customer for a lad of eighteen, but when he did open his lips there was a meaning in every word uttered, and his mischievous eyes would twinkle under his foxy eyebrows as if to say:

"Don't mind a word I am saying, as the truth is not in me at all."

He was a slim-built lad, and a little under the average height for his age, but some of the stronger rogues in the neighborhood could testify that Tom of the Tap was the "very mischief with his fists."

Tom cleaned the boots of the guests in a small room or closet situated in the lower hallway at the back of the hotel, and into which he never allowed anyone to enter save himself.

"Who's there now?" cried the roguish lad, in surly tones, as he sprang to open the door, taking good care to block the entrance.

A young man of twenty-three, with a pleasant, smiling face, stood before him, saying:

"Are you the boots?"

"I am in a hurry, and I want my boots cleaned on me."

"Against the rules, sir."

"Hang the rules!"

The young man closed the door after him, took a seat on a bench and looked at the astonished lad with a grin, as he said:

"I'm from over the water."

While he uttered the words the stranger made a peculiar motion with his right hand, and then continued, with a sly wink:

"And from under the water, if you like. Will you clean my boots now?"

Tom of the Tap acted like the veriest slave on the instant. Dropping on his knees, brush in hand, he commenced the work on the boots as he responded, in very subdued tones:

"I'll clean them as quick as a wink, sir, and die for ye in the bargain."

The younger stranger looked at the door, as he asked in cautious tones:

"You have a great many guests in the house to-day, I see."

"Bad cess to 'em, and 'tis I'd like to have the doing of the whole lot, sir."

"Are you to be at the supper, Tom?"

"Just as you like, sir; but the drinking is to be all in saycret."

"And then their secrets will come out?"

"Just so. The punch will be made, the corks drawn, the waiters put out, the doors locked, and then the Turks will be fixing things to squeeze the people more."

"That's their game, Tom. Can you manage to be with them?"

"It can be done—be the orders of one from under the water."

"That's all right. I want to be with you at the banquet."

"There will be room for you, sir."

"How is it to be worked?"

Tom went to the door and quietly bolted it ere he returned to the stranger, and whispered:

"Who saw you come here, sir?"

"Only Jerry Powers, the head waiter, and he is from under the water."

"Very good, sir. They are at the dinner now, and the doors will be locked in half an hour or so. Could you wait here?"

"To be sure, as I had dinner."

"And you won't be dry?"

"Not a bit. Won't you be disturbed here, though, while we are waiting?"

"I'd like to see who'll disturb me if he didn't come from where you know, sir. Did you notice this house outside?"

"Why, yes; and it struck me as if it had once been a large mansion."

"That's what it was, sir. What name may I be giving you now?"

"Call me Miner—Henry Miner."

"Very handy name, Mr. Miner," said Tom, grinning, "and I won't forget it. And how are all the dark lads at all, sir?"



"Fleming, Tom. You were saying something about this old mansion."

"That's true. 'Tis queer stories me own father told me about this same ould house, for you must know he was head-butler here afore it was a public house at all."

"Indeed! Was it haunted?"

"It could be, sir, as there's room enough for the spirits in some of the walls."

"I understand, Tom. And two ghosts can hear every word those fat landlords will say at the secret banquet to-night?"

"Every word, sir, while they're guzzling down wine enough to swell the Shannon."

"How will the ghosts get there?"

"From this very spot, sir."

Tom had finished his job, and he then moved over to a common cupboard in the corner of the room.

"You see I shove this aside, sir, and then what do you see?"

"Nothing but a wall full of cobwebs."

Tom of the Tap pressed a finger on a bunch of the cobwebs as he asked:

"Now, what is it, sir?"

"A passage for the ghosts. Does it lead up to the banquet hall?"

"Or to any part of the house, almost, the ghosts will care to visit."

"That is excellent, Tom. Have you any idea of how many will be present?"

"About twenty of the greatest tyrants in the whole of Munster. 'Tis a pity we couldn't put them all under the Shannon water."

"We may put some of them under ground, my merciful friend. Any officers to be up there?"

"Colonel Bell, the biggest scamp that ever landed in Ireland since the days of Cromwell. Hanging is too good for him."

"Is he a landlord?"

"The worst ever lived. He has a private army of his own at his castle, and woe to his tenant who crosses him."

"I remember him now, Tom. He bought an estate up on the Shannon lately with money he made in India, I think."

"That's the nigger-driver, sir. He's got a lot of them black Injuns at his castle, armed to the teeth, and I pity the poor tenant that opposes him in any way at all."

Henry Miner was making a note of the information thus obtained, as he kept scribbling in a small blank-book, as he remarked:

"We'll have to pay a visit to the castle one of these fine days. It is about time the ghosts took a ramble through the house."

"Then come on, sir," said Tom of the Tap, as he pointed to the secret door. "You go in first and I will be after you."

When Tom followed the stranger into the secret passage the door closed on them, and the cupboard moved back in its place. It was fully an hour after when they returned to the closet again, and the young stranger drew out his note-book, saying:

"That is a very interesting meeting. Tom, and I would not have missed it for a good deal."

"Oh, the cruel dogs, sir. Did you mind how they talked of exterminating the people?"

"Yes, Tom. Who was that fat fellow of about forty who said that the landlords were worse off than the laborers in the coal mines?"

"Did you hear the fat villain, sir, and he after drinking as much wine as would support a poor family for three months, not to mind turtle soup and the grand joints? He has an income of ten thousand pounds a year if he has a penny. That is Lord Keel, and he has a grand place at Culmore."

"Does he live there?"

"About a month in the year in the shooting season. All the rest of the time he is over in London or Paris, getting fat on the money he drains out of the tenants."

Henry Miner made a peculiar mark before Lord Keel's name, and then asked:

"Who was that tall young dandy who advocated the burning of all the poor-houses, so that the inmates would have to be sent to America or starve in the ditches?"

"That was Sir Charles Belcher, and 'tis I'd like to be belching fiery brimstone at him. Although he draws about twelve thousand out of his land outside here, he never set his foot in Ireland until he came over to that meeting."

The young stranger put the peculiar mark before the second landlord's name, as he said:

"Who was that stout, small man who said that all the Americans should be taken and hung, as traitors against the English government?"

"That was Maurice Dunlap, sir. He was the only Irish born churl among them, and he's a burning disgrace to the country. His father was a Dublin lawyer, and he left the young scamp a fine estate some ten miles back of here. Don't spare him at all, sir."

"I will not, Tom; and I think that will do for the present."

The young stranger was about to close his note-book when Tom remarked:

"You forget Colonel Bell, sir, and what he said about mowing the people down with the new French guns that fires two hundred balls every minute—the Turk!"

"He was the first down, Tom, and I'll not forget him. Who is that?"

A stiff knock sounded on the door at the moment, and Tom cried out:

"Who's there?"

"A friend—open," was the stiff response, given in gruff tones, from the man outside.

Tom of the Tap started on hearing the voice.

"'Tis Dobbins—the villain!—and he must be after you. In with you."

The lad made quite a fuss before he opened the door, holding a boot in his hand as he saluted the man outside, saying:

"What is it now, sir?"

The stranger was a well-built man of thirty-five, with a pair of keen gray eyes, a clean face, and a dogged expression of countenance. Pushing his way into the little room without any ceremony, he looked around as he demanded, in sharp, gruff tones:

"Where's the young stranger, Tom?"

"What stranger, Mr. Dobbins?" asked Tom, with a grin of surprise.

"I'll take you to the black hole, you young rascal, if you don't answer me at once. What has become of the young stranger who came in here over an hour ago?"

"Can't you see he isn't in here now, Mr. Dobbins? Maybe he is up at the great feast."

"The fellow was in here with you, and he didn't



go out by the door. You are a cunning young dog, but you can't do me."

As Tom of the Tap cried out very loud, several of the male and female servants of the house gathered at the door, and one of the latter just then cried out:

"Bad cess to the cringing spy who is ill-using our poor Tom. Give the thief a dose of greasy water and be hanged to him."

The detective officer turned suddenly on the speaker, who was a smart, good-looking girl of seventeen, as he retorted, in severe tones:

"Get away from there, or I'll clap you all in jail, you confounded rebels."

"I dare you to lay a finger on me!" cried the girl, advancing into Tom's room. "What has the poor boy done at all?"

"He says I made way with a young gent from America?" cried Tom, "what came in here an hour ago to get his boots cleaned."

"I was in here over an hour ago to get my boots cleaned!" cried a manly voice at the door, as Harry Miner stepped in before the detective. "Were you looking for me, sir?"

The detective officer was taken back a little, but he soon replied:

"I am an officer, and it is my business to have an eye on all strangers coming into this house here at present, sir."

"And what do you take me for, officer?" asked the young man, with a sly smile.

"You have the cut of a Yankee."

"And you have the face of a hangman," said Harry Miner, in easy tones.

"Do you hear that, Mr. Dobbins? There's your match now for you."

"I'm not done with you yet."

"Keep dogging my footsteps and I will not be done with you," said Harry.

"Glory to the Yankee," cried the young girl, whose name was Nancy Powers.

The servants gave a shout of approval and then scattered through the house, while the detective moved away, muttering to himself:

"I'll have to keep an eye on that Tom of the Tap, as he is an artful dodger. That young Yankee fellow is a marked man."

## CHAPTER II.—The Dark Sons of Ireland.

As all the rich landlords were more or less intoxicated when they rolled away from the hotel in their carriages or on horseback that night, it was at first supposed that the four missing ones had met with accidents by falling into the river or pits on the way to their mansions. When several days went by, and the detectives and police could not find any trace of the bodies, the excitement became greater. Dobbins kept a sharp pair of eyes on Tom of the Tap for several days, but he could not get a single point out of the sly rascal. The detective used his eyes also in looking for Harry Miner, but he did not run foul of the young gent in all his rambles. About eight nights after the banquet, the sly lad left the hotel about nine o'clock and strolled carelessly out of the city, wending his way along the banks of the beautiful Shannon river for some distance. Tom did not pretend to look behind, yet he could perceive an

old beggarman following in his footsteps, and the sly rogue grinned, as he said to himself:

"Here's Dobbins after me, and he thinks he's so cute. Maybe I'll give him a turn with the fists, as big as he is."

The lad turned suddenly and ran back to meet the old beggar, as he cried:

"Oh, the ghost—the black ghost!"

Tom didn't stop running when he reached the old beggar in the narrow path, and he dashed full against him as he cried:

"Out of the way, bad cess to you, as the ghost is at my heels."

The collision flung the old beggar aside with great force, while he cried:

"What ails ye, ye young villain? I'll break your head for ye."

"Ain't you afraid of the ghost at all?"

"What ghost, ye omadhoun? I didn't see anything coming this way. 'Tis a good kick I should give ye for——"

Before the detective could say another word Tom let fly with his fist, giving him a trip at the same instant, and over into the deep river went the man.

"Can you swim, you old rogue? Ah, I see you strike out bravely. There's a landing a dozen yards below. My best wishes to Dobbins for sending you to mind me. The ghost was only a black cōw, I think, and away I go."

When the shivering detective crawled out of the cold water Tom had disappeared. Tom of the Tap made for a small grove of young trees near the bank of the river, in the center of which stood a small cabin. There did not appear to be light or life in the little house as Tom approached it, looking carefully around at the same time. The lad gave three peculiar knocks on the door, and a gruff voice asked:

"Who's there?"

"A true son of temperance," answered Tom.

"What do you want?"

"Pure water from the bottom of the Shannon river, to be sure."

The door was opened and Tom entered the dark cabin as he said:

"It smells of soot here."

"It is pure coal dust," answered the gruff voice. "Walk into the back room and get your share of it. What number now?"

"Eleven three times."

"Correct, and Thirteen expects you."

Tom walked into the back room, followed by the last speaker, who said:

"Shut your eyes and mouth."

"Is it for the water?" asked Tom.

"No—for the—dust. What did you do with the old beggarman?"

"He was very dirty, and I advised him to take a bath in the river."

There was a small dark lantern burning in the back room as the man took a handful of coal-dust from a dish and flung it over Tom's face, as he said:

"Will I rub it?"

"I'll do it myself, as my skin is very tender," answered Tom, as he rubbed the dust well over his face. "If me own darling Nancy saw me now she'd never know me."

"She is a smart girl, and Thirteen has his eye on her."

"Tisn't a sheep's eye, I hope."



"Can't say," replied the man, with a merry chuckle. "Here is your cloak and hat, and come along with you to drink the water."

The man lifted a trap-door well arranged in the floor, and led the way down into a deep cellar, from whence another secret opening took them out into a dark steep passage running down to the river. After descending the steep passage for about thirty yards, they came to a large rock which blocked the way. Holding the dark lantern aloft, the stranger struck the big rock with an iron rod, and then a trumpet-toned voice fell on their ears crying:

"Who are you, and what do you strike for?"

"I am a dark son of Ireland, and I strike against the rock of oppression."

The rock glided aside on the instant, and Tom and the stranger entered a tunnel running under the Shannon river. The passage was lighted by three large lamps suspended over a long table, at which eleven men were seated at the time. The man seated at the head of the table arose on the entrance of the newcomers, and held his right hand aloft, as he cried:

"The Dark Sons are in session. We will hear the report of Three Times Eleven."

Tom and his companion took their seats at the table, while the former said, addressing the leader at the head:

"Number Thirteen, I have to report that the right boot was found at last."

"How was it stamped?"

"Three Tens."

"Correct. When did the boot come?"

"This morning. I gave the answer."

"Approved. Were you followed to-night?"

"The old beggar was after me, and I gave him a thump and a turn in the river."

"Promotion for Three-Eleven," cried the leader. "Anything more?"

"Dobbins will ask for work in the mines to-morrow or next day."

"He will be employed. What else?"

"Colonel Bell's head man will look for work with him," answered Tom.

"He'll get it. What more?"

"That's all, captain."

"And a good deal it is. Now for the play after the work. In with the laborers."

### CHAPTER III.—The Dark Sons at Play.

Five minutes after the tunnel was in darkness, when the thirteen men led in four others who were dressed and colored with coal-dust in the same manner. Number Thirteen led the way to the table, while he cried:

"Take your seats, gents. After a day of toil we have our fun."

The prisoners at once dropped into the seats pointed out to them, while the leader cried:

"Now, Lord Keel, let us hear what you are protesting about?"

"I protest against the infernal treatment we have received at your hands. If we were condemned convicts we could not be treated worse than we have been. It is outrageous and ruffianly all through."

"What do you complain of, Lord Keel?"

"What a question! Why, we have been com-

pelled to delve in that horrid coal mine, like the commonest scum of the earth."

"Did you not say, at a certain banquet, that the coal miners were far better off than the landlords of Ireland, sir, and that you would willingly change places with them?"

"Tush! That was but a figure of speech, and I did not dream I would be taken at my word. My back is nearly broken by the infernal labor I had to do."

"My hands are all blistered!" cried another of the prisoners. "Really, my dear fellows, you are going too far with this joke."

"Sir Charles Belcher, you advocated the burning of all the poor-houses in Ireland the other night, so that the poor people would perish in the ditches. Were you ever hungry, or cold, or tired from hard labor in your life before, I would ask you?"

"Gad, no; and I never care to endure such a trial again. What is the ransom?"

Without paying any attention to the question, Number Thirteen turned to another of the prisoners as he thundered forth:

"Mr. Maurice Dunlap, you advocated the hanging of all Americans landing in this unhappy land. What is your grievance against them?"

"They spread sedition in the land, but I wish I had said nothing about them, if that is what I was brought here for, to be made worse than a galley-slave of," groaned a small, stout man, with twinkling, cunning eyes. "If you let me off, I'll sign a check for a thousand pounds for you."

"Not for a hundred thousand. You hate the Americans because they sympathize with the people you crush, and they aid them on the road to freedom."

"Hang the Yankees," growled the fourth prisoner, who was a tall, stern old veteran with a face of dogged courage.

"Wouldn't mowing us down with the new French gun be better, Colonel Bell?" suggested Number Thirteen, with a grim smile. "It is strange how merciful men become after they have made a fortune by plundering the natives in India. Do you remember meeting a young lady out there called Miss Bullah?"

"What is a name to me?"

"It may be much, colonel. I have been in India, and I may have met the young lady in question there."

"It is impossible, as she is dead. Who could have told the fellow?"

"The dead may come to life again, Colonel Bell, and Miss Bullah may even come here to this coal mine in the mountains of Kerry to settle with you."

"By Jove, I think we were in Limerick," remarked Sir Charles Belcher.

"Silence, sir, as I speak to Colonel Bell," thundered the leader. "Colonel, would you not like to receive Miss Bullah here to-night?"

"Perdition—no! But you are only playing with me, you rebel dog!"

"Oh, we are all at play now. The music will soon commence, and our partners for the dance are coming. Miss Bullah will waltz with you, colonel. Strike up!"

A solemn peal of music was heard on the instant, while a door was flung open at the same time, and thirteen female figures walked slowly into the tunnel. All the female forms were



dressed in white shrouds from head to feet, masks of the same color covered their faces, and they each held out the right hand as they moved to the table. The first figure touched Number Thirteen on the shoulder saying:

"You will be my partner?"

"With pleasure," was the response, "but I must first see your face."

The woman withdrew the mask for a moment, so that Number Thirteen alone could see her face, and the leader cried, in joyous tones:

"I am satisfied with my partner."

Another of the females advanced to Lord Keel and touched him on the shoulder, saying:

"You will be my partner, Lord Keel."

The fat man started at the sound of the voice, while the woman withdrew her mask for a moment, as she continued:

"It is but just that you should see my face, sir."

Lord Keel stared at the face before him, and then made a spring back, as he cried:

"Heavens, it is my deserted wife!"

A third of the females in line then advanced to Colonel Bell, and touched him on the shoulder with a dart as she hissed forth, in hoarse, strange tones:

"You will be my partner, Colonel Bell."

The old veteran sprang back also on hearing the voice, and he then glared from the figure to the leader, as he gasped forth:

"What infernal trick is this?"

"It is our fun after labor, colonel. Hasten and look at your partner, as the dance will soon commence. Look at her!"

The woman removed her mask so that the old colonel alone could see her face, as she whispered to him, in a foreign tongue:

"You must dance with me, and pay for the music also. Remember Bullah!"

The old veteran staggered back like a drunken man, and sank on the seat as he gasped forth:

"It is herself, and I saw her dead!"

"Will you not dance with me, Colonel Bell? Remember Bullah!"

"Away with you! Am I in the lower regions, that you should appear to me?"

The figure advanced as if to seize him by the leg, when the old veteran fell flat on his face, groaning forth:

"Away with the dead! It is but the ghost of the Indian girl! Oh, what infernal juggling is this?"

"Remember Bullah!" cried the woman, as she seized the fallen man. "You must dance with me and pay for the music."

#### CHAPTER IV.—The Tyrant's Trial.

When Colonel Bell recovered from his swoon he found himself seated in an arm-chair in the tunnel vault, with the thirteen dark sons of Ireland seated at the table before him, and the white-robed figure standing at his side. The leader of the band advanced to the prisoner and placed a goblet to his mouth as he said:

"Drink and refresh yourself, Colonel Bell, as there is another trial still before you. Fear not that we will poison you, as we are not assassins."

The old veteran scented the liquor in the goblet, and he then swallowed the reviving beverage with-

out any hesitation. Feeling revived and emboldened by the generous beverage, the old veteran stared around the gloomy tunnel, and he then turned to the leader of the band and asked:

"Where are my friends?"

"They are resting for the night. Your trial will now proceed."

The white-robed figure moved out in front of the prisoner and lifted the thin veil from her face, as she exclaimed:

"Colonel Bell, I accuse you of murder and plunder, treachery and arson, and of other crimes that I will call to your mind."

The accusation was uttered in piercing tones, the eyes of the accuser flashed with unwonted fire, and her right hand was raised aloft as if invoking justice on the head of the trembling veteran. The old veteran quailed again as the accusing accents fell on his ear, and he then nerved himself to stare intently at his accuser as he asked aloud:

"Is she living or dead?"

"I am living, treacherous wretch!" exclaimed Bullah; "living and breathing, and full of strength to avenge my great wrongs on your head, as you will soon see."

She then turned to the judge and jury, still keeping her hand pointed at the accused, as she continued to exclaim:

"This man was the governor of a certain district in India, and my father was the principal chief and the richest person in the neighborhood. This cruel English tyrant was not content with robbing my father by levying enormous taxes, but he must plot to plunder him of all he held dear on earth."

"Then, under the pretense of treating with my brave father for peace, you came to our place as a commissioner, and you were received as an honored guest. At night, and while you were eating our salt and quaffing our wine, your vile soldiers stole on the village and suddenly assailed our people with fire and sword. Will you dare deny the fearful accusation?"

"We stole a march on a rebel, and that is all there is in that."

"There is more than that," cried Bullah, becoming still more indignant. "Was it stealing a march only to assail our helpless women and children? Was it only stealing a march to slay my father at the festive board? to plunder him of all his gold and jewels? to set fire to his mansion? to bear away one daughter to worse than death, and to force another to plunge into the foaming torrent in order to escape you?"

Bullah paused a moment and glared at the accused with still more animation, and she then turned to the judge and jury as she continued her accusation, saying:

"The vile wretch believed me dead, as I was only rescued from the foaming torrent by a noble dog attached to me. After completing his work of murder and plunder, he retired with the immense spoil, bearing with him my young sister. Oh, wretch—wretch! can you dare deny that Zarah is even now at your castle here in Ireland, and that you hold her there in bondage and in helpless misery?"

"Your sister is under my protection, and she is treated as a lady."

"Lying wretch, she is a prisoner, and guarded by your creatures from India. Is she permitted



to go abroad? Do your friends and your tenants here know that she exists at all, and yet—but why should I dwell on the subject? I have proof of your guilt, and I know that you will now receive the punishment of all your crimes."

At a signal from the judge an old man in the garb of a farmer entered the tunnel, and faced the accused, as he said:

"I was a tenant under this landlord, and I am now without a home. For over three hundred years my people lived on the farm from which I was ejected soon after he purchased his Irish estate with the money he robbed from the people of India."

"Why were you ejected?" asked the judge.

"Because he raised the rent so high that it was impossible for me to pay it; but that was only an excuse, as he soon turned my fields into a lawn and burned down the home of my fathers. While my brave son was striving to save an old picture from the flames, he was shot down dead by the order of that old tyrant, and the law in this land does not punish him for the crime."

"Bah to you all," cried the prisoner, as if weary of the charges. "I made money in India, I bought an estate in Ireland, where I live as I please. What is that to you, a parcel of rebel cowards? As to that young woman, now that I know she is not a ghost, she is welcome to come and live with her sister. Have done with this farce, and say how much you will take to let me off. But I can assure you that I will not change my course of life, or let up on my tenants one iota."

"That is enough," cried the judge.

The lights were extinguished on the instant, and a profound silence prevailed in the gloomy tunnel, save the sound of murmuring voices as Number Thirteen and Bullah consulted in whispered tones. The young woman's voice was then raised in the darkness, as she exclaimed:

"Colonel Bell, you are found guilty of all the crimes charged against you, and I am privileged to pass sentence. I therefore condemn you to a living death. You will never see the light of day again, and you will toil in the dark coal mine until you sink from fatigue. I now bid you farewell, as I go to rescue Zarah."

The old veteran burst out into a defiant laugh, and then cried:

"Yes, go and rescue Zarah, and see what a nice reception you will get at my castle. I defy all the rebels in Ireland to enter there; and my brave fellows will soon rescue me, I can assure you."

"Zarah will be rescued to-morrow night," cried Number Thirteen. "Away with the prisoner to his living tomb, and may his be the doom of all the tyrant landlords in Ireland."

About five minutes after the lights blazed up again, and the thirteen men were seated around as before, while a charming young girl of nineteen was seated beside the judge.

"Are you satisfied, Miss Bullah?" asked Number Thirteen.

"For the present, yes; and I thank you, oh, ever so much. But can you rescue my sister?"

"The Dark Sons of Ireland promise as much, I assure you, and I have pledged you my honor. Is that enough?"

"Oh, yes, yes. How am I to repay you for your noble work?"

"You are one of us, and that is enough. We

will endeavor to regain some of the wealth stolen from your house, and then, if you care to settle here in Ireland, we can find you a protector who will guard you and your riches."

"You are all so kind that I will never care to leave you, I know. It was a fortunate day for me that I met you in Calcutta, sir. May I ask a question or two?"

"A hundred if you wish, as we have no secrets to keep from the dark daughters of Erin. Go ahead, Miss Bullah."

"I would like to know how you get all the wicked men in your power, while the country is not engaged in warfare?"

"The country is engaged in warfare, my dear young lady. As the people here are not allowed to bear arms openly, they are compelled to band together and assail their tyrants as best they can. Ours is one of the many bands engaged in the good work, and our plans are very simple."

"Would you please explain them?"

"Certainly. Some Irish-American capitalists have purchased a coal mine near the banks of the Shannon, and I am the director of the company. As I believe in patronizing home labor, none but true sons of Ireland are employed in the mine."

"It surprises me that you can secure such men as Colonel Bell," said Bullah, "without noise and bloodshed."

"We avoid bloodshed as much as possible until we are prepared to take the open field, as all useless outrages tend to detract the sympathies of the world from our cause. As to taking them without noise, it is easy enough, I assure you. The four men you saw to-night were all blind drunk when we caught them on their way home, and their coachmen are all Dark Sons of Ireland."

"I can understand so much now. But how will you rescue Zarah from the castle, as I have reason to know that it is well guarded, and that no strangers are allowed to enter there?"

"If you are brave enough to accompany us to-morrow night, you will see."

"I would like it dearly," said the spirited maiden from India. "Oh, I can be brave enough, I assure you, good friend."

"I know that, Miss Bullah," said Number Thirteen. "Now, I wish to explain a little more so that you may understand the resources of the Dark Sons of Ireland."

"You cannot tell me too much concerning such good friends."

"You must know then that where we are now is an old tunnel under the Shannon river, which has been closed up since the wars of Sarsfield, the noblest of Irish generals, nearly two hundred years ago. Its existence is only known to the members of the Dark Sons, who also know that it is connected with the coal mines above by a secret passage. Here we plot and plan against the tyrants of Ireland."

"And I am proud to plot and plan with you," cried Bullah, "for the tyrants of Ireland are the tyrants of India. We are brothers and sisters in hate, I'm sure."

"We select those whose private lives correspond with their public acts. As a class, the landlords of Ireland are a profligate, sinful, and heartless set of wretches, and they have no idea of doing justice to those in their power. They are false to all the ties of home and affection, and they revel



in luxury and vice, being supported by the rifles and bayonets of the armies of England."

"Alas! I know how the English tyrants rule in India," sighed Bullah.

"Well, my dear young lady, let us hope that a day of retribution is at hand. As the business for the night is concluded, we will now adjourn. Three-Eleven, you will escort this young lady back by the river."

"With a heart and a half," cried Tom of the Tap, springing from his seat.

"But I will accompany you," said Number Thirteen, giving a sly wink at the others, "as I fear that you may meet your old friend Dobbins again along the river side."

"And if I do, sir, I'll manage him, never fear," said Tom.

And the sly rascal turned to one of his brothers and whispered:

"Hang his eyes, he's afraid I'll cut him out with the dark-skinned maiden, as he knows I'm the darling of all the girls."

About half an hour after Bullah, Harry Miner, and Tom of the Tap were strolling along the bank of the lovely river on the outskirts of the city, and Dobbins, the detective, was peering at them over a hedge, as he muttered:

"I think I have struck on a nice gave now, and I'll see where they fetch up. Blow my eyes if I don't soon give it to that young duffer for that cold ducking he gave me."

Harry Miner and Tom led the young East Indian to a small hotel in a retired street, and she then bade them a warm goodnight and shook their hands, saying:

"To-morrow night for Zarah!"

"Without fail," responded Harry.

The young leader was then walking away from the hotel with Tom, when a man sprang out of a dark alleyway and seized him by the collar of the coat, as he cried:

"I've got you now, my smart Yankee, and off to jail you go with us."

Another man sprang out and seized Tom of the Tap at the same time, crying:

"You are my prisoner, Tom. None of your tripping tricks now, or I'll floor you."

Harry Miner took the matter quite easy, and he only stared for a moment at Dobbins as he asked:

"Well, what is the charge?"

"Treason—felony, my Yankee cove. Don't let that young duffer slip away, Carey."

The words were scarcely out of the fellow's mouth when Tom gave him a trip and a toss that sent him headlong into the gutter, uttering a yell of alarm. Harry Miner let fly at Dobbins at the same moment, striking him square between the eyes, and stretching him on the sidewalk as flat as a pancake. The cry of alarm given by Carey brought seven or eight other detectives on the two dark sons, the fellows rushing on them from each side of the street, as if with the purpose of surrounding and overpowering the suspects. When Harry Miner saw the full movement on the part of his foes he gave a shrill signal, drew a small bludgeon from out his sleeve and set at work to floor the fellows with intense vigor, as he cried:

"My sons to the rescue! Down with the detectives and spies!"

The fight had not fairly set in, and Dobbins had only just regained his feet, when four active men

dashed into the affray, wielding heavy clubs as they yelled out:

"Down with the skulking peelers! The dark boys to the rescue."

Dobbins received a blow that knocked him senseless for the time. Tom of the Tap paid particular attention to Barney, belaboring him as he lay in the gutter until the hound yelled for mercy, and the four men, led on by Harry Miner, soon settled with the others in the most effectual manner. When Dobbins opened his eyes again the struggle was all over, the suspects had disappeared, and Carey was plastering the wounds he had received at the hands of Tom of the Tap. On the next day there was a vacancy in the hotel, as Tom had resigned the important position of boot-black to the establishment. Dobbins and Carey, with deadly weapons ready for use and deadlier hatred in their hearts, sought for Harry Miner and Tom of the Tap, but they were not to be found in that patriotic old city on the Shannon.

## CHAPTER V.—The Modern Way of Taking an Old Castle.

Castle Connor was situated about seven miles from the city of Limerick, near the banks of the river Shannon, and it was formerly one of the strongholds of the Irish chiefs of that name. Its old outer walls were still standing when Colonel Bell purchased the estate. Colonel Bell had transported several fierce half-castes from India; and as they were all rascals who had been his tools in plundering their own countrymen, they became a terror to the tenants on the estate. Besides the half-castes, the old veteran employed several desperate scamps, whom he had picked up in Liverpool and Calcutta. An old sergeant who had served under him in Indian had full charge of this fierce band, and Bill Crow was his name. The disappearance of his master did not trouble Bill Crow a great deal, as he knew that the old veteran often ran over to London or Paris in quest of the excitement that could only be found at the gaming-tables of the great cities.

In one of the upper apartments of that old castle dwelt Zarah, the lost sister of the beautiful and vigorous Bullah. The young girl was held as a captive and a slave, as she was never permitted to roam abroad, and she was never seen by any of the inmates of the castle except the colonel himself, his devoted sergeant and an old Indian woman who had accompanied him from her native province, and who had been her nurse. Zarah was beautiful in form and feature, but she was too young to possess the intelligence of Bullah when she was torn from her plundered home. On the evening after the old colonel's trial Zarah was seated in her chamber, looking out at the winding river, and her old nurse was resting on a mat beside her.

"What a cold country this is, Dote," she said, with a shiver.

"It is cold," replied the old hag, who was in league with Colonel Bell, "but we can have a fire in the grate."

"What are those carts bringing to the castle?" asked the maiden, as she peered through the blinds at over a dozen coal carts winding their way along the road toward the main gate of the castle.



"That is the winter's coal coming from the mine to keep us warm in the cold nights."

At that moment Sergeant Crow was saluting the driver of the foremost cart, as he stood at the outer gate, crying:

"What in the furies brought you rascals here so late with coal? It will be nightfall before you have it all in the cellar."

The driver thus addressed was a small man, with cunning eyes, and his face was all covered with the coal dust. Grinning at the old sergeant, he cocked his hat on the side of his head, as he replied, in the broadest of Irish accents:

"What's that ye say at all, gineral? Is it too soon we are?"

"No, blast your Irish eyes, but you are too late. Hang it all, I should turn you back, and make you bring it in the morning."

"It's all one to me, gineral, and in the day's work at that. Oh, but it is a dry road from the mine here, and the dust from the coal is choking us all."

"That's a broad hint that you rascals want a good drink. It is a good cat-o'-nine tails you should get for being so late."

"I'd like a taste of that furrin stuff, be the holy poker," cried the driver, "as they say ye have fine whisky here, gineral."

"Drive in as fast as you can, and we may treat to some of our cat-o'-nine-tails," said the sergeant as he winked at one of his tools.

The carts entered the spacious yard of the castle, but the drivers did not use much haste in unloading them. The coal was piled up in a great heap at last, and the carts were drawn up near the main gate, when the foremost driver yelled out to the old sergeant, crying:

"Irre, good general agra, aren't ye going to give us a taste of that fine drink ye said, afore we start on the road?"

Sergeant Crow drew a whip from under his coat, and made a dash at the man with it as he cried:

"Here it is, Paddy. Give it to the lazy hounds, my lads!"

All of his knaves sprang at the other drivers at the word, each of them grasping a club or a whip, but the active Irishmen sprang down behind their carts at the first onslaught, while one of them yelled forth, in thundering tones:

"At the savage dogs, my dark sons!"

The words were scarcely uttered when a fearful explosion burst forth from the huge coal heap, sending fragments of it all over the yard, while out from the false bottoms of the carts sprang dark figures, armed with revolvers and clubs. Before the startled defenders of the castle could recover from the panic and seized a deadly weapon, twenty-five brave and active men sprang at them with all the fury evoked by insult and outrage, and not a rascal of them was left uninjured ere the brief struggle was over. The foremost driver took a prominent part in that sudden and furious assault, and as he kept striking at Sergeant Crow, who was prostrate on the ground, he yelled:

"How do you like our cat-o'-nine tails, ye ould villain of the world? That's the way to trate all scoundrels who would illtrate the poor of the land."

## CHAPTER VI.—The Dark Sons in the Castle.

Zarah and the old nurse watched the whole proceedings in the castle yard from the window, and great was their astonishment when they beheld the total overthrow of the defenders of the castle at the hands of the rough drivers of the coal carts. Greater still was the amazement of the East Indians on hearing a well-known war-cry in their own language during the struggle below, and the old nurse gave vent to her surprise, as she turned to the young girl and spoke in the same tongue, saying:

"It is amazing, Zarah. Do you not hear the war-cry of your father? What can all this mean? Would that we had a light to see, as I fear that danger is nigh."

It was growing dark in the yard when the brief struggle commenced, and when the victors had secured all the prisoners, having closed the gates in the meantime, the watchers at the window could not make out one of the actors below from the other. It was a thorough and almost bloodless victory, as Sergeant Crow and his fellows were surprised before they could grasp a deadly weapon, while the dark sons used only their clubs and whips to belabor their assailants. The most profound silence prevailed in the castle after its astounded defenders were secured and gagged, and Zarah listened in fear and trembling as she turned to the old nurse, and whispered:

"What can it mean, Dote? Are the wild Irish come to murder us?"

"Can it be," the old hag asked herself, as she listened eagerly after the strife, "that some of her friends from India are come here in search of Zarah? If Bullah were not dead I would swear that was her voice I heard below in the yard."

"Why do you not answer me, Dote?" asked the young girl. "Oh, the wild Irish are coming up the stairs for us now."

The door of the apartment was flung open at the moment, and three of the cart drivers strode in, bearing lights. Two others followed, leading Sergeant Crow between them as a prisoner.

"There is the young lady you seek," said the old sergeant, pointing to Zarah, "and you can see that she is not a prisoner."

Two dark-faced lads advanced with the speaker, and one of them spoke to Zarah in her own tongue, as he asked:

"Are you happy in your Irish prison, Zarah, and do you not sigh for your eastern home?"

"Oh, my heart beats at the sound of that voice. Who are you, and why are you here?"

"I am one of your race, and I come to release you and seek for vengeance. Are you not eager for freedom, poor bird?"

"Oh, yes; but our great English master claims me."

"You speak of the brutal wretch who killed your father and sister?"

"Poor Bullah was not killed in the strife," answered Zarah, "and Dote told me that my father fell in battle."

The dark lad turned his flashing eyes on the old nurse as he addressed her in her native tongue, crying:

"Treacherous old wretch, woe to you if Zarah has been poisoned by your teaching, as I come as the avenger of our race."



"I am but the slave of the conqueror, and I was compelled to obey him."

The dark lad addressed the young girl again in the sweetest tones possible, saying:

"Zarah, you would be rejoiced to hear that your sister lives?"

"Oh, yes! Can it be true? Will I see Bullah again?"

"You will, and this very night ere we leave the castle."

As the dark lad spoke he made a salute in the Eastern fashion, and then withdrew from the apartment in great haste. The old man, who was no other than Harry Miner in disguise, then turned to Sergeant Crow, as he said in gruff tones:

"Will you now show us where your master keeps the young lady's treasures?"

"Not I, if you hang me," replied the sturdy old soldier.

"Then we will hang you."

Zarah was looking earnestly at the other dark faces, and she turned to the leader and said:

"Are there so many negroes in Ireland, sir?"

Harry Miner scowled as he said to the girl:

"We are dark sons of Ireland, Miss Zarah, but we are not black savages, and here comes one who will tell you what we are."

A joyous cry burst from Zarah at the moment, as she saw a female form entering the room, and the next instant the two sisters were clasped together in loving embrace, while Bullah exclaimed:

"Dear Zarah, we will part no more."

A large alarm bell in the turret of the castle rang out at the moment, and Sergeant Crow jumped with joy as he cried:

"Hurrah! Now we'll have the police and the dragoons riding to our release. You blasted black robbers, you'll be all skinned alive before morning—hang you!"

Tom of the Tap darted out of the room, drawing a revolver on hearing the first sound of the bell, and two of his friends ran after him, while Harry Miner cried:

"Who could give the alarm, as we have secured all the people of the castle?"

Bullah stared around a moment ere she cried:

"'Tis that treacherous Dote."

The old Indian woman had slipped away from the room while the sisters were embracing, and the others were attracted by the scene. A cry of pain and rage rang out through the castle at the instant that the loud bell ceased to ring, hurried steps were then heard in the hall, while Tom of the Tap dragged old Dote into the room, crying:

"Here's the old thief that was pulling the bell. Will we fling her out of the window and have done with her, captain?"

Bullah sprang at the old nurse and grasped her by the shoulder, as she cried:

"I claim the right to deal with this wretched old creature, who has served our tyrant against her own race and blood."

"Deal with her as you please," answered the leader, "but let us hasten down."

The young woman then addressed the old hag in her own tongue, and fierce and vengeful was the denunciation poured forth on the head of the treacherous being. Old Dote trembled, and fell on her knees, as she replied in terrified accents.

Dragging the old hag to her feet again, Bullah turned and nodded to Harry, saying:

"It is well. Hasten down with that old robber, and let Tomash remain here with us for a short time."

The leader and the others hastened down to the main hallway, where some of the dark sons were guarding the defenders of the castle, while the others were collecting all the arms that could be found. Their leader was soon among them, giving his orders in a clear, calm voice, while it was so disguised that his enemies present would not recognize the tones again. When all the preparations for departure were made, the disguised leader addressed the prisoners in stern tones, saying:

"Every one of you should be hung on the nearest trees, as a warning to other rascals who come here to Ireland to tyrannize over the people and commit outrages that would send you to the gallows in other lands. You are a band of robbers, and as such you will be treated."

"You will be caught hereafter, you Irish thieves," grunted old Crow.

"We will see about that. Silence now, and listen to your sentence. All you rascals will be placed on board a sloop, waiting in the river, and you will be landed singly in different lonely and distant places in England and Scotland."

"They mean to murder us all," cried one of the prisoners.

"You will be put to death if you ever set foot in Ireland again," cried the leader. "But there is not much fear of that. This castle will be burned to the ground to-night; you will all fly with the plunder therein; and as you are known to be a lot of thieves, it will be believed that you have made off with the rich spoils your master gained in India."

"'Tis a deep game," cried old Crow, "but I will soon spoil it. Colonel Bell knows me, and he will believe the truth from me. Then we will be after you infernal robbers."

"Colonel Bell has so much confidence in you, Sergeant Crow," replied the leader of the dark sons, "that he has sent for you to join him in his present retreat. Gag them all, my brave lads, and down to the sloop with them. Sergeant, you will go with us."

Bullah stole up to the side of the leader at the moment, and whispered:

"It is all secured, dear friend."

"It is a glorious night's work, Bullah, and we will now hasten away," answered Harry Miner, as his eyes flashed with joy. "Will you remain with the dark sons or go—"

"I will remain with you forever, dear friend," interrupted Bullah. "Did you not tell me that you had a mission of your own to perform against a hated enemy?"

"Yes, against the assassin of my own father."

"Then I will aid you in that mission as you have aided me. Poor Zarah will rest with us for a while."

In less than an hour after the rascally defenders of the castle were sailing down the river in the sloop, and Sergeant Crow and the old woman were on their way to the mines in the carts of the dark sons. The tenants on Colonel Bell's estate heard several loud explosions at the castle that night, and when they sallied out in



alarm they beheld the old building in one mass of flames. In the meantime the work at the mines went on as before, and no one suspected that Colonel Bell and the other missing landlords were toiling therein.

## CHAPTER VII.—The Dark Sons at Work Again.

On the evening previous to that on which Tom of the Tap resigned his position at the hotel, a certain quiet guest arrived at the house. This man registered his name as Richard Burns, of Glasgow, and by his own request he was placed in one of the humblest apartments occupied by the guests at the hotel. Four days and nights Richard Burns spent in his room, his plain meals being served therein by Jerry Powers, the head waiter.

"That's the querrest customer I ever struck," Jerry remarked to his pretty daughter Nancy, who was one of the servant girls.

"How is that?" inquired Nancy.

"Why, bad cess to him, he's not deaf and dumb, I'm sure, but the mischief a wink or a word one can get out of him."

"He must be very cute, though, sir; to think that he would notice the difference in the cleaning of his boots, but sure 'tisn't every one has such a nice touch as Tom."

"Didn't I tell you to put that young scamp out of your head?" growled the father.

"But talking about the gentleman above, I think he's a deep customer, and he's here after the lads."

"You're a born fool, girl. If he was after the lads we know wouldn't Dobbins or Carey be coming here to see him, or he be going after them? and he hasn't been out of the house since he came here at all, good or bad."

"I saw him walking back in the garden these two nights back."

"What of that? He has to take a little stroll for the good of his health."

"Then why doesn't he go out in the broad daylight, like any honest man? Mark my words, sir, he's here after the lads, and he sees more than he lets on? I'm going after Mr. Burns above when he goes out into the garden to-night. The lads we know ought to know what he is at."

"You are mad entirely, girl. A colleen like you to be running after a man in the streets at night—that's if he goes out."

"He does go out, father, and I wouldn't go after him as a colleen, but as a lad. Poor Tom left his best suit here after him, and it will fit me like a dot."

Nancy Powers was a steadfast creature, and she carried the point with her father, who was a sterling member of the dark sons. About nine o'clock that night Richard Burns strolled out into the garden at the back of the hotel, and Nancy had her eye on him. After strolling about the walks for a short time the man slipped into a small summer-house near the back gate leading out on a lane, where he proceeded to make a very decided change in his appearance. When he stole out from the summer-house again and slipped out into the lane, Richard Burns had all the appearance of a hard-working mechanic,

and his face was covered almost to the eyes with a rough, red beard.

The disguised man had scarcely entered the line when a boyish form stole out from under a large seat in the corner of the summer-house. Richard Burns soon left the lane, and he then turned into one of the principal streets of the city, swaggering along with the air of a man who had partaken of a fair share of whisky. Without showing herself to the man, Nancy kept on after him, and she saw that he made for the outskirts of the city, while she muttered to herself:

"He's a cute one, and no mistake; and I'll wager he's going out to Toner's."

Toner's tavern was a place of resort for the dark sons working in the mines, and it was situated on the high-road about two miles from the old walls of the city. Richard Burns kept on the road without once casting his eyes back, and when he reached the tavern he entered the door with the air of one familiar with the place. Several of the miners were seated at the table in the tap-room.

Having called for drinks for the party around the table, the disguised man turned to an old miner, as he remarked:

"I had fine news from Dublin to-day. Is that one of the lads?"

The person alluded to was a dirty-faced lad, who had just entered the tavern, and who strolled up to the bar without casting a single glance around. The old miner started slightly on seeing the lad, who called for a glass of ginger ale, while the old fellow muttered to himself:

"Bedad, but they were in a hurry to sell me best suit. Who is it at all?"

Without replying to Burns, the old fellow arose from the table and strolled over to the lad in a careless way, as he said to him:

"That's a bad cowl ye have, me lad," continued the old miner, as he noticed a slight motion of the lad's right hand, while each of them spoke in very subdued tones.

As the disguised Tom of the Tap saw the sign he bent his keen eyes full on the lad, and then a broad grin appeared on his darkened face, as he said:

"But sure me memory fails me since I'm getting so old. I mind you now, though."

"It was near time," answered the disguised Nancy. "Follow me out."

While conversing with the others around the table Burns kept a quiet eye on the old man and the lad, and when he saw them leaving the tavern together, he said to one of the others near him:

"I suppose that lad is one of us?"

"To be sure he is, or the ould fellow wouldn't go with him."

Tom and Nancy strolled along the road for some distance, ere the latter said:

"What in the world kept ye from sending word to me?"

"Sure I did, by your father. But ye know he don't care for me, my darling."

"How does everything go on out here?"

"Fine, indeed. But what in the mischief brought ye out in that rig?"

"Who is that man you were talking to as I came in?"

"That's one of the centers from Dublin."



"Are you sure of that?"

"To be sure. He's to be made a dark son this night."

"I must see the master at once, Tom, as that fellow is a spy. What name does he go under out here with you?"

"Dick Burns."

## CHAPTER VIII.—A Detective Extraordinary.

"Where is the captain now?"

"We'll find him in the white cottage down the road here, I think, and he will be in the tunnel before midnight. If that chap is false we'll soon find out and settle with him."

The two sisters from the East Indies occupied the cottage in question, and Harry Miner was soon found there. When Tom told the leader about the stranger, the latter turned to the disguised girl and asked:

"When did he first put up at the hotel, my good girl?"

"On the night before Tom left, sir."

Harry Miner then beckoned Tom aside, and asked him:

"Didn't you report the man, Tom, on the night we tried Colonel Bell?"

"That's so, sir. He had the numbers three ten in one of his boots."

"Well, we can't be too certain. I expected a man from Dublin, and I will go to the tavern to see this fellow. To avoid suspicion, you may go back now, and Nancy can remain here. I will be with you very soon."

When Tom of the Tap entered the tavern again Dick Burns addressed him in a careless manner, saying:

"Do you have many such lads as that working in the mine?"

"The lad you saw wasn't long at work, and I wouldn't have known him only he brought me a word from the master, who will soon be here to see you himself."

Harry Miner entered soon after, disguised as an old workman, and Tom of the Tap introduced the stranger to him. When the introduction was made, the leader of the mine invited Dick Burns into a back room, saying in low tones:

"I would like to see your credentials."

The credentials were forthcoming almost on the instant; and when the leader of the Dark Sons had examined them, he said:

"Are you known in Limerick?"

"Yes; Dobbins and Carey would know me, as they served in Dublin," answered Dick Burns, in the most candid manner. "Of course, I am disguised to-night."

Harry Miner kept his eyes on the stranger, as he continued in calm tones:

"We can't be too particular in admitting strangers to work in the mine, although we have no secrets of a political nature."

"I understand that you have been suspected of making away with some of the unpopular landlords around here."

"Who said so?"

"Dobbins and Carey. They also say that it was your men who assaulted the officers on a certain night not long since."

"Then why don't they prove it?" answered the

leader of the Dark Sons, with a pleasant smile. "And now, friend, I have a word to say to you. Your credentials show that you are connected with certain parties in Dublin, but you are mistaken in supposing that the miners here are conspiring against the government or the landlords. It is true that we have a society for our mutual benefit and protection, but that is all."

"Then you do not need me here to organize and to supply arms, Mr. Mackey?"

"We do not, sir. If you wish to work in the mine you are welcome. If you come here with any other purpose, I can tell you that you are but wasting your time with us."

"I fear that you do not confide in me fully, Mr. Mackey, and I can only regret wasting so much time about here."

The stranger then left the tavern without again meeting Tom of the Tap. On nearing the white cottage the man looked behind him as he muttered:

"That old fool is on his guard, and he suspects me. I'll wager a cool pot he is not as innocent as he pretends."

Perceiving a light in the cottage, Burns paused before the door and peered into the front room, where he saw two female forms, as well as the dark-faced lad he had noticed at the tavern with Tom of the Tap.

"I will make some inquiries here," he muttered.

When the man knocked at the door Bullah appeared before him, saying:

"Who do you wish to see, sir?"

"Does Mr. Mackey live here?"

"He does," answered Bullah, "but he is not in at present, sir. Perhaps you may find him at the tavern up the road."

The man thanked the young woman and retreated from the door, muttering below his breath, while looking cautiously around him:

"This is a discovery worth making. What can bring the Indian girls here? I have an idea that old Mackey is not what he pretends to be, and I must know him better."

The man then turned back toward the tavern and disappeared behind a stone wall just as the disguised Nancy appeared at the door of the cottage to watch him. Slipping around the stone wall, the man soon entered the little orchard behind the cottage, as he kept muttering to himself:

"Who can that lad be in there with the Indian girls, as I am certain it is not Tom of the Tap? It seems to me that the inmates of this cottage will bear watching."

At that moment Harry Miner and Tom of the Tap came along toward the cottage, and Nancy advanced to them, as she whispered:

"The stranger from the hotel was here at the cottage and he turned back again. What do you think of him now, sir?"

"What did he want here, Nancy?"

"He asked if you lived here, and he appeared to be quite taken with the young ladies inside there. Didn't you meet him, sir?"

"We did not."

"I'd like to know where he is now," said Tom, looking along the road, "as we did not meet him on our way here."

"Don't trouble about him, as he cannot injure



us at present," said Harry, as he entered the cottage with the others.

"And so you had a visitor here?"

"Yes, and I think I heard the man's voice before, although he disguised it," said Bullah.

"That is important, my dear young lady, as I suspect the fellow. Try and remember where you could have met him."

"I think it was in India and on that fearful night of the attack."

"Indeed! We must look to this and see who he is."

The leader of the Dark Sons then sent Tom out in search of the stranger, and he whispered to the sly rogue:

"Take a walk along the road and back of the house. If you see the man return and tell me. Be cautious."

Tom of the Tap was soon out on the road, but he could not see the stranger. The sly rogue then entered the orchard and looked carefully around, yet still he could not see anything of Richard Burns.

On returning to the cottage again, the sly rogue was ordered to escort Nancy on the way back to the hotel, while Harry Miner whispered to her at the same time, saying:

"Hasten back and watch for the stranger's return, and report to your father. If he is not back soon after you we can suspect that he is out here spying on us."

On their way back to the city Nancy said:

"And who are those dark-skinned creatures at the cottage, Tom?"

"They are friends of the master's, and a pair of darlings at that, Nancy."

"Darlings, indeed! I don't like to see such foreigners in our secrets. I wouldn't trust the young one a bit."

The young folks parted very soon after, Nancy hastening to take up her position in the summer-house, as she said to herself:

"That Tom is sly, and he's casting sheep's eyes on the small dark girl. The mischief fire him if he gives me the slip."

Nancy had to wait in the summer-house for over half an hour before the stranger entered the garden at the back of the hotel. The man slipped in very quietly, and he hastened to change his appearance, as he muttered, in audible tones:

"I don't quite understand Mr. Mackey, but I have made an opening toward solving the mystery of the colonel's disappearance, and Miss Bullah had something to do with it. Who can be watching me here at the hotel?"

Poor Nancy was compelled to sneeze at the moment, as some dust from the floor had got into her nose, and before she could dart out of the summer-house the man seized her and drew her toward him, saying:

"And so you are spying on me, lad? Well, I wish you joy of all your discovered. Hang me if it isn't a girl, and I suspected as much when I saw her at the tavern."

"Oh, sir, do let me go," pleaded Nancy, "as I wasn't spying on you at all. It was only a chance that brought me in here."

"I can't think of such folly until you answer me certain questions, girl."

"What do you want to know, sir?"

"Who set you to watch me to-night?"

"No one at all. I went out to the tavern to

see Mr. Mackey, who is a great friend of my people, sir."

"But what are you doing in here now under that seat?"

"I came in here to rest, sir, and I fell into a doze."

"Well, my girl, you can tell me about the young ladies at the cottage."

"I never saw them in my life until this evening. Oh, sir, if you are one of the real sort, you will let me go in now."

"I am one of the real sort, but I think I may thank you for raising suspicions against me to-night. However, as we will be excellent friends now, I will forgive you."

As the man spoke he placed a gag on the young girl's mouth, raised her in his strong arms, and bore her out into the lane.

The head waiter at the hotel waited up for his daughter, but he did not see poor Nancy again that night. Mr. Richard Burns returned to the hotel soon after his interview with the young girl, and he retired to rest, muttering to himself:

"My adventures as a detective extraordinary are turning out well. What noodles the local officers must be not to get on the right scent ere now. I will visit the mines in a few days in another character."

The stranger left the hotel on the following morning, and during the day it was rumored that Nancy Powers was also among the missing.

On the following day Harry Miner received a letter from Dublin, written in cipher, in which it was stated that a well-known nationalist named Richard Burns had disappeared from that city, bearing with him certain documents, and it was suspected that he had been privately arrested by the authorities of the English government.

At nine o'clock that night twelve of the Dark Sons were seated around a table in the tunnel under the Shannon river, with Number Thirteen at the head of the board. They were discussing the rescue of Nancy Powers, which was to be carried out that very night. It was learned that Dick Burns had been represented by an old inspector, and it was he who had abducted Nancy.

A short while later the leader, disguised, and Tom, left the tunnel, the others following later; it was just then that the detective extraordinary stepped from a niche in the tunnel where he had heard all that had taken place at the discussion, but it was only to fall into the hands of the Dark Sons, a couple of whom had remained at the tunnel entrance.

## CHAPTER IX.—Who Was the Detective Extraordinary?

When the man calling himself Richard Burns recovered from the effects of the brief struggle with his unknown assailants, he found himself traveling along a rough road in a covered conveyance. There was a gag in his mouth, his eyes were blindfolded, and his arms and feet were bound with strong cords. He made an effort to get his hands free, but he could not succeed. At that moment a voice near him addressed him in rough tones, saying:

"Ye may want to take a little of the fine air



up here, sir, and I'll just relieve ye of the bandages on your face."

When the bandages were removed from his eyes and mouth Burns tried to peer into the darkness, but when he could not see an inch before him in the covered wagon, he said:

"Why, my good fellow, I can't see my hand before me in here."

"Who said you could? Ye can feel the fine mountain air, though. Isn't it sweet?"

"It may be if I were at liberty. See here, my good fellow, where are you going to bury me?"

"That's for the dark lads to say," answered the rough voice. "It may be in the ocean, in the deep lake, or on the top of the mountain."

"But what have I done to the dark lads, I'd like to know?"

"Oh, not very much at all, for the like of ye. It is no harm in the world for an Englishman to whip off one of our girls."

"Who told you I was an Englishman, and what do you mean by whipping off one of your girls, I'd like to know."

"Murder alive, how innocent ye are entirely," cried the voice in jeering tones. "Ah, Mister Dick Burns, ye may be a fine inspector of police, but ye are not up to the dark lads yet and be long odds."

"Hang me if you are not talking all Greek to me, my good fellow. I am not Dick Burns, and I am not an inspector of police."

"Then what are ye?"

"Well, if I must tell you, I am a simple detective officer from Dublin."

"How simple ye are, agra. What were you poking up about the mine for?"

"I was looking for a fellow who committed a robbery over in Wales."

"Over in me eye. What did you want to whip Nancy Powers away for?"

"I assure you I don't know anything about Nancy Powers, my good fellow."

"Ha, ha, ha!" laughed the dark son. "I'll wager ye won't say that when you are face to face with the girl."

The wagon now stopped. As the man spoke he blindfolded the detective again, but he did not put the gag on his mouth. Dick Burns was then lifted from the conveyance by four strong men, and borne into a cabin, as the former speaker said to him:

"If you hope for any mercy at all, do what the captain asks you to-night."

The bandage was removed from his eyes at the moment, and Burns saw a tall man with a full dark beard standing before him. The stranger was in the uniform of a policeman, and while the prisoner was placed on a chair before the table he continued to address him, saying:

"What we demand of you is this: There are writing materials before you. Write an order to Sir Philip Graves for the release of the young girl named Nancy Powers, whom you stole from her home a few nights ago."

"And what will be the consequence if I refuse the request?"

"You will be put to death," was the solemn answer, in tones fully as dignified.

"If I should grant the request, will I then be released?"

"You will not be released at present, sir, as that would not suit our purpose."

"What guarantee have I that I will ever be released then?"

"My solemn word only. You know that you have broken the law by abducting the young girl for the purpose of forcing her to betray her friends. Sir Philip Graves can also be punished for the outrage."

The prisoner pondered for some moments, keeping his eyes fixed on the tall stranger, and he then asked:

"Do you know me, sir?"

"No; and I do not wish to know you, or any man who would recourse to such measures as you have with this poor girl."

The prisoner smiled, as he rejoined:

"You must admit that we detectives are sometimes compelled to use harsh measures to effect a lawful object."

"Sir, you are not a common detective, and even if you were, your act is a crime. But that is not the question. Will you write an order to Sir Philip for the girl's release?"

"I will, on one condition."

"What is it?"

"You say that I am a common detective, and I say that you are not a common moonlighter. I see that you are a gentleman, whatever your object may be at present. Pledge me your word that you will not look at my signature, or allow anyone else to look at it, and I will give you the order on Sir Philip."

"I pledge you my word that we will not look at the signature," was the prompt response. "Release his arms."

When the prisoner's arms were released he seized the pen, wrote the order in a bold, free hand, and then handed it to the unknown leader, as he asked:

"Will that answer?"

Harry Miner read the paper, and then handed it back again, saying:

"That will answer. Sign your name, place the note in the envelope, and I pledge you that Sir Philip alone will see your signature."

The detective signed the order with a dash of his pen, and sealed it in an envelope, as he asked:

"Are you going to bring the girl here?"

"I am."

The prisoner shrugged his shoulders as he quietly remarked:

"Well, it does not matter. I presume I am in for it. Can I have one word in private with you before you go?"

"Certainly, sir. What have you to say?"

"Are you acquainted with a certain young lady who was known in Indian as Miss Bullah?"

"I am."

"She had a sister who was under the charge of Colonel Bell."

"She was held in the castle as his prisoner and in worse than slavery, you should say."

"Colonel Bell was her guardian," rejoined the prisoner, with a bland smile. "He has disappeared in a mysterious manner, his castle was burned to the ground, yet the young girl known as Zarah is at large."

"Well, what of that?"

"Your own good sense should tell you that Miss Zarah will be suspected of a great crime if Colonel Bell does not soon appear to explain the affair."



"The rascals who served in the castle with the colonel can explain the whole affair, I presume," answered Harry Miner. "Is that all you have to say to me, sir?"

"Not quite. Do you know Sir Philip Graves?"

"I do."

"Are you aware that he is one of the sharpest gentlemen in Ireland?"

"I am aware that he is one of the basest of the many harsh tyrants in Ireland. But what is that to me, sir?"

"Only this much: If he recognizes you—and he never forgets a face or a voice—he will arrest you, and then I will suffer."

"I must take my chances," answered Harry Miner, with a peculiar smile, "and so must you, sir. If you suffer, you will be paying the penalty of acting as a detective extraordinary."

The prisoner bent another keen glance at the young man as he said:

"I warn you to beware of Sir Philip, though, as I have some interest in life yet."

"I care as much for Sir Philip as I do for you, sir, and that is not much. Now I must away for the girl, as it is getting late."

"I say, my good fellow, let me make a suggestion before you leave."

"Be quick, then."

"Why not bring Sir Philip here with you, as misery loves company, you know."

"I will think of it."

The young leader than sprang into the cab awaiting him outside, and the horse under it trotted down the lane leading to the public road at a rapid pace. Tom of the Tap was the driver. About ten minutes' fast driving brought the cab to the lodge-gate leading up to Sir Philip's mansion, and a word or two from the policeman inside was sufficient to gain them a passage up to the hall.

Sir Philip Graves was one of the most unpopular magistrates and landlords in Ireland, and he delighted in the fact. On announcing his business, the pretended policeman was ushered up to the library, where he was received by a man of stern aspect, who was about fifty years of age.

"What now, sir?" demanded Sir Philip, as he lifted his head from a pile of papers.

Harry Miner saluted the magistrate, handing him the order without saying a word. Sir Philip tore open the envelope, read the order, and then placed it in a private drawer of his desk, while he looked at the policeman with his penetrating eyes, as he asked:

"Where are you to take the person?"

"To a tavern near the coal mine."

Sir Philip still kept his eyes fixed on the other, while he meditated some moments, and he then asked:

"Do you know if any important arrests have been made around the city this evening?"

"The gentleman who sent me here from the tavern has someone now, your honor."

"How do you know that he is a gentleman, you fool?"

"Because he spoke kindly, your honor, just like a real gentleman, for all he has only very common clothes on him."

"I'll have to recommend you for promotion, and I'll keep my eye on you. What is your name?"

"Tom Tierney, your honor."

"Well, Tierney, I will send one of my men with you and the prisoner. Just go out into your cab, and they will be out to you in a few minutes."

Tom of the Tap was standing at the door of the cab as his leader stepped into the vehicle, whispering to him:

"She is coming out with another officer. Drive to the cabin like fury, and give the signal to surround the cab as we reach the door."

"To be sure, sir. Is it Dobbins that's coming with us?"

"No—better game by far. We're going to have splendid fun to-night, Tom."

"More power to your elbow, sir; but I am itching to give Dobbins another drubbing."

"All in good time."

Two policemen appeared at the door of the cab bearing a muffled figure between them, as one of them said:

"Sir Philip ordered me to ride to the city with the prisoner."

"Very well," answered Harry Miner. "Get in and we will be off."

Placing the muffled figure on a seat beside Harry, the disguised magistrate seating himself, and away went the cab. At some distance from the place of starting, the cab stopped and a party of the Dark Sons seized Sir Philip, while Nancy was released from the cab, while the leader of the Dark Sons called out:

"Away with us to the hall of justice!"

## CHAPTER X.—The Dark Sons Could Fight.

Tom of the Tap sprang on the seat and started the horse up the lane, which ran some distance up the steep mountain. Four mounted men rode right after the cab, while the leader and about a dozen others followed after. A high ditch ran at each side of the lane, which was only wide enough for two men to ride abreast.

Before starting from the place the Dark Sons could hear the clatter of hoofs along the road, and Harry Miner expected to see the police turning up into the lane, but they passed along at full gallop, as if hastening to some given point. As the night was very dark, and as the high road was about a quarter of a mile from the lane, the police did not perceive the dark objects moving in the lane.

Sir Philip Graves was a man of strong will, with the strength and activity of an athlete, together with possessing the courage of one who had served with honor in the wars in India and in Africa. He believed in using the iron hand of Justice in dealing with the rebels in Ireland, and he neither cared to show mercy nor ask it at their hands when his life was threatened. Sir Philip heard the clatter of the hoofs along the stony road, and he smiled to himself as he muttered beneath his breath:

"The cunning rascals planned it well, but they did not count on my precautions. It was well that I suspected the fellow from the first and took my measures accordingly."

Harry Miner felt a little relieved when he heard the police galloping on beyond the lane, but he was a little surprised to hear them halt at a



spot further on. The clatter of other hoofs could then be heard coming from the direction of Sir Philip's mansion, and the leader of the Dark Sons drew up in the lane to listen, as he said to the rider at his side:

While the man was speaking the second body of mounted police drew up on the other side of the lane, thus cutting off the Dark Sons from all escape by the high road. The journey up the rough lane was very slow, indeed, as the cab rattled over ruts and rocks, and its occupants were flung from side to side at almost every step.

From the very moment of entering the cab, Sir Philip made up his mind to make a bold attempt at escaping from his captors. And so did the detective extraordinary. Sir Philip almost despised his foes; and he felt that if he could only escape and lead a party of police against them he would scatter and slay them at will. The detective, able and experienced as he was, did not despise his captors, as he argued that the men who had accomplished so much were capable of fighting bravely when necessary. Although the prisoners' arms were bound, their legs were free, and Sir Philip intended to make a dash from the cab even if he could not succeed in releasing his hands.

The jolting of the cab, as well as the darkness, gave the prisoners an excellent chance of working at the cords, of which they availed from the very moment of starting. Sir Philip was the first to succeed, and the cab was not more than a mile up the lane when he dashed the door open and sprang out, dealing the Dark Son a smart blow at the side of the head at the same moment. The prisoner had scarcely touched the ground when Nancy gave a scream and cried:

"He's off—he's off!"

Tom of the Tap stopped the cab and sprang down from his seat just as Sir Philip cleared the high ditch at a bound, crying:

"You can't hold me, you cowardly rascals."

Harry Miner sprang from his horse to the ditch at the first alarm, and he then dashed after Sir Philip, crying:

"Look to the other prisoner, Murphy."

The detective gave a violent tug at his cords when he saw Sir Philip dashing out, and his arms were free a moment after. The Dark Son in the cab sprang out after Sir Philip, and then over the ditch after him, as he cried:

"I'll pay you for that thump, my man."

Nancy felt that the detective was also about to spring from the cab, and she seized him around the waist as she yelled:

"Help, help, or the other rogue will be off with himself!"

The detective forced Nancy's arms from around his waist, taking the gag from his mouth, as he said to her:

"You are too affectionate, my dear, but I must drag myself away."

The men then sprang out of the cab, dragging the screaming girl with him. He had scarcely touched the ground however, when Murphy and two other Dark Sons on foot sprang at him, the former crying:

"You can't come it, my boy. Down with him, lads, but don't hurt him much."

Murphy had scarcely uttered the words when he received a stunning blow between the eyes, and he fell flat in the lane. Springing from one to the

other the detective dealt rapid blows with his right and left, and Murphy's friends were stretched besides him in short order.

"Help! help!" yelled the brave Nancy, as she attempted to seize the detective.

"Fare thee well, but not forever," cried the lively fellow, as he ran up the lane with the speed of a race-horse, "as we'll meet again in happier days."

Five or six of the Dark Sons, who had also dismounted, ran up after the fugitive, while one of them cried:

"Will we bring him down with a pistol?"

"Not at all," answered another. "Don't you know the captain's orders?"

"Many thanks to the captain," cried the detective. "Now, boys, catch me if you can, and then we'll have another little fight for it, if that is agreeable."

Nancy heard the words as she stood in the lane, and she cried:

"He's a droll fellow anyway, and 'tis a pity if he has to be hurt."

In the meantime, Sir Philip was dashing down the hill at a headlong speed, with Harry Miner in close pursuit. Tom of the Tap and two others ran down after them without uttering a single cry. Sir Philip was at home on the mountain side, as he had often hunted there on foot in his younger days, and he was still a very active man for his years. Harry Miner was still more active, however, and he was equally at home in the mountain, in the forest, on the level plain. The fugitive felt assured of escaping as he dashed down the steep side, as he did not at first hear his pursuers closing on him, and he chuckled to himself, as he said:

"Now for a chase up the mountain after the rascals, and then we will see if the Dark Sons can fight as well as they plan. I'll be hanged if one of them is not close on me."

Casting one glance back at the bounding figure behind him, he quickened his pace as he yelled aloud:

"Tally-ho—tally-ho! Up to the chase!"

As Sir Philip sent forth that hunting cry he made a trumpet of his hands, and the sound of his loud voice could be heard in the valley below. An answering shout was instantly heard from below, and then Sir Philip dashed down with greater speed, while he continued to repeat the well-known hunting cry. Harry Miner pressed on without uttering a loud word, but he clenched his teeth as he muttered to himself:

"The game is up here for the present if he escapes us now, and I do hate to bring him down with the pistol. Blame me if I don't take him without knocking him over with a bullet, as I want him to know I am his master."

Bracing himself for a desperate splurge, the young leader bounded down the steep hill like a mountain goat, and he was soon within a few yards of Sir Philip, while the other pursuers were left behind. Sir Philip heard the bounding footsteps close behind him, and he stopped suddenly.

With a quick movement the hunted man then stooped down, picked up a small rock and hurled it at the head of his young pursuer, as he cried:

"Take that, you black rascal!"

Harry Miner did not receive the compliment as it



was intended, as he dodged his head at the moment, and then darted at his stalwart enemy, as he cried:

"You and I for it now, Sir Philip."

Sir Philip braced himself on the hillside, for the shock, and out went his right hand, as he cried:

"Here's at you, robber!"

The young leader dashed aside the blow, and then closed with Sir Philip, seizing him around the waist, and dashing him to the ground with great force, as he cried:

"I'll show you that the Dark Sons can fight as well as plan."

Although Sir Philip was half stunned by the fall, he yelled aloud:

"Tally-ho—tally-ho!"

Before he could utter another word his conqueror had him gagged. Tom of the Tap sprang to his leader's assistance at the moment, saying:

"The police are riding up the lane as fast as they can, sir."

"Let them come, and we'll show them that the Dark Sons can fight as well as run. Quick, and bind this man's arms."

Sir Philip was in the leader's grasp, and he was still struggling with all his might, although he felt that he was dealing with his master in strength, at least.

Having again secured the prisoner, they forced him up the hill, the leader sending forth a warning cry to those above. Having given a few whispered instructions to Tom of the Tap, the leader then darted up ahead of the others, as he muttered to himself:

"It looks as if we were to have a little fight to-night, but the capture of Sir Philip is worth the trouble. Besides, we'll show them that the boys can fight."

The detective was still dashing up the mountain, and he was gaining on his pursuers, when he heard Sir Philip's cry below. He had just gained a point where the lane opened out on a stone quarry, and the mountain was free to him on each side. Pausing a moment to take breath, he cast his eyes down the dark mountain side, as he said to himself:

"By Jove, I think I'll double on them, and get down to meet Sir Philip."

Darting behind the high ditch, the detective lowered his head and ran down as fast as he could, while his pursuers sped by him in the lane, as the foremost cried:

"He's made for the quarry, and we'll have him safe now."

"Not quite yet, my good fellows," thought the jolly detective, as he pressed down on the double, edging his way out from the lane. "If I can run the gantlet on the lads below, I'll up with the police to have a crack or two at the clever Dark Sons."

It did not take the detective long to pass the point where the cab was drawn up, and he held his breath as he stole along, while he kept muttering to himself:

"This beats scouting in India. Sir Philip is silent now, but the police below are giving tongue. Now for a dash down to them."

"There he goes down," cried Nancy, from the top of the ditch, where she had taken a position to watch her friends and foes. As the active girl

uttered the cry she sprang down and darted after the detective, who cried back to her:

"That's an unkind cut, my dear girl, and I your own true lover."

Two of the Dark Sons sprang over the ditch and gave chase with Nancy, but the detective was not like the hare, as he could make better time going down than in the ascent, and he soon gained on his pursuers. He was again congratulating himself on his prospect, when a dark figure appeared below him, while a sharp, manly voice called out to him, crying:

"Halt, there!"

The detective recognized the voice, but he kept on, as he replied:

"Not this time, thank you."

And down he dashed to assail the leader of the Dark Sons. Harry Miner braced himself to meet the shock, realizing full well that he had to deal with the active detective. The fugitive did not pause a moment, but he rushed to crush the young leader with the impetus of his body. Harry waited until the detective was close on him, stretching open his arms as if intending to clasp the fugitive, when he suddenly sprang aside, darting out his right hand almost on the instant. That right hand caught the detective on the side of the head, and he reeled and staggered ere he fell on the hill-side, while he gasped forth:

"By Jove, that is a stunner!"

Harry Miner flung himself on the prostrate man and clapped a gag on his mouth, as he chuckled and said to him:

"You must not desert us so soon, sir, as we hope to be better friends."

The detective could only reply by a moan, as he felt his captors were securing his arms again, while they raised him to his feet and dragged him back up the mountain. Sir Philip and his guards were close behind, Tom urging the prisoner on in no very gentle manner. When the police reached the point from whence they had heard Sir Philip's last cry a halt was called, and several of them dismounted to sally out on the hillside in search of him. The darkness of the night, as well as the boulders and rocks above, prevented them from perceiving the dark forms retreating from them, and the Dark Sons took very good care to move as quietly as possible. On securing the detective Harry Miner darted up ahead again, and Nancy kept by his side as she told him about the escape of the second prisoner.

"Run up the lane as fast as you can, my good girl," said the leader, "and order the lads back to the cab again, while we will prepare to receive our friends below."

Nancy darted away at her best speed, and Harry Miner soon reached the cab. Giving orders to unhitch the horse, the cab was upset in the narrow lane, and it was placed in such a position that it would take a little time for the police to remove the obstruction. The prisoners were then placed on two horses, which were led by two of the Dark Sons, with a guard riding behind each, and the whole party was put in motion again. The police were again advancing up the lane also, riding two abreast, while the inspector in command kept crying:

"Tally-ho! tally-ho! Give cry, Philip, and we will follow the hunt."



Sir Philip heard the cries, but he could not respond, although he made every effort possible to remove the gag from his mouth. When the police struck the obstruction in the lane, several of them dismounted and clambered over the ditch. Harry Miner and his friends reached the stone quarry at that moment, and the young leader turned to Tom, saying:

"This is the place, I think."

"To be sure, sir, and the niftiest spot in the world it is for a bit of a scrimmage."

A halt was called on reaching the quarry and Harry Miner blindfolded the prisoners again.

They were then led away, and when the prisoners were restored to light they found themselves in a cave. The leader of the Dark Sons, with Nancy and Tom, were the only ones present besides the prisoners. One of the Dark Sons ran into the cave just then and whispered to the leader:

"The police are coming down the hill, and Dobbins is with them."

"Away and give the signal and we will meet them in the quarry."

Then leaving the prisoners in the hands of Nancy and one Dark Son the others hurried away to the combat. It was short and thrilling, but the Dark Sons were the victors and in a little while all were back in the cave another Dark Son rushed in, crying:

"There's a troop of horse soldiers riding up the mountain side, Captain."

## CHAPTER XI.—On the Move Again.

Harry Miner was alarmed at the approach of the horse soldiers, but not so much on his own account. The events of the night had warned the young leader that it would soon be necessary for the Dark Sons to cease operations in that locality for some time, but they felt that they must punish their worst enemy before beating a retreat to some other part of the country. The approach of the soldiers, following so soon after the attack of the police, warned Harry Miner that Sir Philip had set on foot a large force around the city, and that other flying parties may be expected to intercept them if they attempted to get around to the safe shelter of the tunnel. But how was he to dispose of the armed men then moving up the mountain, if chance or design led them to the cave behind the quarry?

Was he quite certain that none of the police had escaped in the late attack to guide the soldiers to them? Who would tell? Tom of the Tap, who was ever on the alert, and who saw that his able captain was a little perplexed at last, approached him at the moment, saying:

"Maybe the soldiers are not coming up to this spot at all, sir."

"Go out and make sure, Tom, and give me the signal if they ride straight for us. You may be sure they will have hot work before they take us, if they are four to one."

"The boys will fight, sir, and you showed them how to use the repeating rifles. I'll be out and let you know in a jiffy, sir."

Harry Miner was not the man to shrink from

a sharp and desperate fight, when a victory thereby gained would serve any good purpose at all.

But a hard battle with the soldiers, and his faithful friends were to be protected. If he could only reach the tunnel with Sir Philip Graves and the Dark Sons and Nancy, the others could be settled with ere leaving the cave. If he was compelled to fight the soldiers, he would have a whole army on him before morning, and then it would be impossible to retreat to the tunnel. Before Tom was fairly out in the quarry, the young leader had made up his mind as to a plan of action, should the soldiers be moving direct to the attack. Calling Murphy aside, he directed him to select six of their best men and horses, and hold them in readiness in the quarry, and he then said to him:

"If the dragoons are coming in here, you will dash out on the mountain with your men, lead them a chase to the wood down by the river. You will then cross the river and make for the tunnel, taking care that no one will see you enter."

"Never fear of that, sir," answered Murphy. "I will lead them a good chase, and baffle them in the end, never fear. I know a trick or two they are not up to."

All the horses were secured in the large outer cave, and Murphy and his party were soon ready for the dash on the mountain. Very soon after the young leader heard a signal from Tom, warning him that the dragoons were riding to the quarry, and he gave Murphy his final orders, saying:

"Dash out here on the upper side of the quarry and they will see you at once. Spread yourself so as to appear like a large party, and then away as fast as possible."

Murphy was soon away with his men, and when they reached the hill above the quarry a cry from the soldiers below told Harry Miner that his plan was working well so far. Moving to a sheltered spot in the quarry, where Tom was still watching the enemy, the young leader said to the young fellow:

"What of them now, Tom?"

"Hang me if I can see what they are up to at all, sir," was the reply.

"How is that?"

"Why, they were coming straight for us a few minutes ago, but very cautiously, when all of a sudden they galloped like fury to the left there, and they yelling like so many wild bulls."

The young leader then told Tom of the movement made by Murphy, and added:

"Get up to the top of the quarry and see what you can. I think we have got rid of those fellows for some time."

"You are a wonderful general entirely, sir," replied Tom; "and the great Bonyparte himself couldn't hold a farthing candle to ye."

"You'll find me in the cave, as we must to the tunnel now, I see."

Harry Miner hastened into the cave again, when Lord Appleby advanced to meet him, saying:

"Mr. Miner, as I believe you are called, I would like a few words with you."

"Please hasten, as we must be soon on the move again."

"I will not delay you. It is in reference to the prisoners."



"Well, sir, what have you to say to me about the prisoners."

"I cannot believe, Mr. Miner, that you are a cruel man, and I beg of you to be merciful to the poor fellows."

"You allude to the police, sir?"

"I do, and to Sir Philip also."

"Then I will at once state to you that the police officers will only suffer imprisonment until morning, but I will deal with Sir Philip as he deserves. He killed my father and robbed myself, and he will suffer."

"But if it is proved to you that he did not kill your father?" persisted the detective extraordinary. "I have been speaking to him, and he assures me that your father is not dead at all."

"Not dead at all! Why, he must take me for a fool to believe such a story," answered Harry Miner, with a bitter sneer.

"He declares positively that your father is not dead, and that he can prove it, if you will give him the opportunity."

"An opportunity for escaping is what he is seeking, sir. I am surprised at you, to be gulled by such a silly statement."

"Sir Philip states positively that his brother is still living and here in Ireland as well. He only asks you to spare his life until he proves the fact."

"Then where is he?"

"That he will not say, but he swears that he will produce him, or prove the truth to me in twenty-four hours."

Harry Miner meditated a few moments ere he rejoined:

"My lord, I do not wish you to look on me as a merciless wretch, and I desire to state a few facts to you."

"I am all attention, sir."

"On the night when my father attempted to escape from Ireland with me I was only a little boy, but I remember the scene as if it were only yesterday."

"Sir Philip states that your father was fired at, as you state, but it was by a policeman. He swears, however, that he was not killed, but seriously wounded."

"And that he has been alive ever since?" asked Harry, with a sneer.

"So he swears."

"Then how was it that his son or any one else never heard from him in all that time?"

"Sir Philip swears that he will explain all that to you if you spare his life."

"And you believe him, my lord?"

"I have reason to doubt Sir Philip as a man of honor, from what I saw to-night, yet I must say that I place faith in what he says regarding your father. He intimates that it is a dark secret, and that he will only confide it to you under a very solemn pledge on your part."

"It must be a dark secret if he has anything to do with it. Well, general, I will speak to him, if it were only to see what a splendid lying story he will invent."

Harry Miner then advanced to his uncle and drew him toward the end of the inner cave as he said, in subdued tones:

"What is this you have to say to me about my father?"

Sir Philip was humble enough at last, as he feared death at the hands of his resolute nephew, and he answered:

"I have to say to you that your father is alive to-day."

"Then where is he?"

"I will refuse to tell you unless you solemnly swear to spare my life and let me go free very soon."

"See here, sir. For many years the chief aim of my life has been to settle with you, and do you suppose that you can humbug me now by a silly story?"

"I am not trying to humbug you, as I know it would not work. Your father is alive, and I can prove it, but only on the conditions named."

"And do you suppose that I will spare your life, and give you liberty to go on and live on our property, to tyrannize and oppress the poor people here as well?"

"If you set me free I will have to leave the country, as I cannot live after the exposure I will make."

Harry Miner meditated again for a few moments, and he then said:

"I believe you are about to tell me a lying story to gain time."

"Give me your oath to set me free, and I will prove to you that I am not."

"Well, I swear that I will set you free if you prove to me that my father was not killed by you that night, and that he is still alive and well. Is that enough?"

Sir Philip meditated in turn for a few moments, and he said:

"I must take your word, and I believe you will keep it. Your father is alive, but he is not in his sound mind."

Harry Miner started, and then glared at his uncle, ere he said:

"I thought you were trying to humbug me. I suppose you are prepared to produce some old lunatic and swear he is my father."

"I will produce your father without a single doubt, but I am sorry to tell you that he is a lunatic."

"How long has he been a lunatic, and where have you kept him confined for all these long years, I'd like to know?"

"He has been out of his mind since the night he was shot by the policeman, and I have kept him in a private lunatic asylum ever since, where he is well treated."

"Is that the truth?"

"I can prove it. The policeman who shot him, when he refused to surrender, is living yet, and he holds a position in the asylum at the present day."

"Where is that asylum?"

"Near Cork city."

"Who else knows that your brother has been living all this time?"

"The man who shot him only. The ball hit your father in the head and affected his brain forever after. That is the solemn truth."

"Admitting that it is, you robbed my father and you robbed me."

"I supposed that you were drowned in the river that night, and, of course, I never thought of seeking you. I am now ready to make all the amends I can."



"Of course you are! Will you make amends to the poor people whom you drove from their homes as beggars? Will you call back those you sent to the convict prisons and to exile? Hang me if you deserve any mercy, but I will keep my word."

"I thought you would. Will you release me with Lord Appleby?"

"Not much! I will hold you until you produce my father. If you attempt an escape again, I will shoot you without the least mercy. That is all with you now."

"I think there is some truth in the rascal's story, and I'll work on it," muttered Harry, as he moved away. "Now to see about running the gauntlet to the tunnel."

In less than half an hour after the Dark Sons left the cave with one prisoner only, and that one was Sir Philip. The policemen were left in the cave with Lord Appleby, who pledged his word of honor that he would not release them until an hour after the outlaws left. Harry Miner had a parting interview with the lord in the presence of his uncle, when the former pledged himself to produce the young man's father in a few days, if he was to be found at the asylum. As the young leader was moving down the hill with Tom and Nancy he said to them:

"Well, my young friends, we are on the move again, and I think we will get to the tunnel without a great deal of trouble."

"We'll have to move faster, captain," replied Tom, "as I think I see some of the rascals moving down the mountain after us now."

The young leader cast his eyes back for a moment ere he rejoined:

"You are right, Tom. We will push on to the river at full speed, for we may have to fight for it yet."

"Sure, that's no trouble to the lads, sir," said Nancy, "with the guns that go off so many times a second. Oh, if all the lads in Ireland had such guns, how soon they'd drive the English robbers back into the sea!"

"They may have plenty of them one of these fine days, my brave girl. Now, boys, push on to the river as fast as you can."

They did push on to the river at full speed, but those behind appeared to close up, with them for all that. The young leader was in the rear with Tom, and as he looked back he cried:

"'Tis a party of mounted police, and they are riding for all the horses are worth. If they keep on we will have to stop them in the wood."

"The boys would like no better fun than having a last crack at the peelers, captain," cried Tom, "as they think you are going to leave us soon now."

"Only to return again, Tom. Pass the word for the boys to look to their rifles and prepare for action. But let them push on for the wood. Nancy, you will push on to the front and guard the prisoner well. Don't let him escape."

"I'll shoot him first, captain, dear, and 'tis little sorry I'll be."

"Don't fire at him unless he attempts to get away, or tries to call back to our enemies, then wing him in the arm or leg."

Nancy forced her horse to the front and took her place beside the prisoner as she cried to him:

"Sir Philip, if you try to bawl or budge, I'm ordered to shoot a leg or an arm off, and by the

powers, but I'll do it as sure as my name is Nancy."

The prisoner was carefully bound and gagged, and he could not reply aloud, but he did mutter imprecations at the girl.

## CHAPTER XII.—Conclusion.

The Dark Sons did reach the shelter of the wood before the policemen, who mustered some twenty in number. At the end of the wood lay the river, which must be crossed by the fugitives before striking a direct course for the shelter of the tunnel. Harry Miner knew that it would not do to attempt the fording of the river with the enemy close at his heels, and he resolved to check them.

Giving instructions to the others to ride on to the ford with the prisoner and Nancy, he called on Tom and six others to make a stand with him at the edge of the wood, and he had his men placed and dismounted ere the police approached at a cautious gallop. When the enemy were within about fifty yards of the wood, Harry said to the others in low but clear tones:

"Now, bang away at them, lads, when I fire, but be certain to hit the horses, if you can at all."

The young leader fired as he uttered the last words, and down fell one of the foremost of the advancing steeds. The other repeating rifles then fell into the play in splendid order, and down went a horse and its rider at almost every shot.

"This is great fun entirely," said Tom of the Tap, firing from behind a tree, "and horseflesh will be cheap in Limerick to-morrow, I'll go bail."

The police were fairly dazed by the fusillade poured on them so suddenly and more than half their horses were down with their riders before they could realize their critical situation. Several of the men received wounds in the legs at the same time, while each and all were thrown into the utmost confusion and terror. The inspector in command of the party was the first to recover his presence of mind, but instead of giving the order to charge on those in ambush or fire on them, he wheeled his horse and rode back, crying:

"Retreat, retreat, boys, or we will be all slaughtered without mercy!"

Those who could follow on horseback spurred after him, while some of those who had fallen with their horses yelled for mercy.

"Have a last crack at the cowardly peelers," cried Tom of the Tap, as he saw his old enemies dashing away.

"Aim at the horses' legs," cried the young leader, "and spare the men."

The Dark Sons did aim at the horses, and four more of them fell with their riders, while Harry Miner sprang to mount his own steed, as he said to the others:

"Let us away to the river now, and I'll bet they won't follow us."

"Here's for a last crack at the peelers," cried Tom, "and I'll bet I won't miss the horse, either."

The fighting young rascal fired as he spoke, and another of the retreating horses fell, while more cries for mercy rang out from the vanquished. Mounting their horses in all haste, the



Dark Sons rode down to the river, to find the others safely over the ford before them. When they were galloping along on the other side Harry Miner turned to Tom again, as he cried out to him:

"Did you have enough of fighting to-night, you young rogue?"

"It was pretty fair, sir, but I'm sorry I didn't finish Dobbins and Carey, and I suppose I'll have to clear away now with Nancy here."

"Yes, you'll both go with me and my wife to America for a while."

"Your wife, sir? Sure we never knew that you were married at all."

"Well, I am. The young lady you knew as Miss Bullah is my wife, and she awaits me at Queens-town with her sister now. My work in Ireland is near over for the present, but I hope to return again and strike a final blow against the tyrants. Will you and Nancy come to America with us?"

"With all our hearts, sir. And I'll be back to old Ireland with you again, and near fear. What of the dark lads, sir?"

"The other dark lads who are suspected will go with me, and I will see that they do well in the free western land."

"More power to you, sir! But what will you do with the rascals in the mine?"

"I will explain all that to the dark lads in the tunnel to-morrow night. See that Sir Philip is carefully blindfolded, as we must keep the secret of the tunnel to ourselves for use another time."

The tunnel was reached in safety, and the Dark Sons settled to rest. On the following night there was a special meeting of the Dark Sons, and when their leader called them to order, he said:

"My brave and true friends, it is necessary that we disband for the present, as suspicion has been directed against the mine by the police. Those who fear to remain here will come to America, and they will receive good work and wages over there."

A round of applause greeted the announcement, and the leader continued:

"As to the funds in our possession, it will be divided equally among you. Now, a word about the prisoners in the mine. It may puzzle some of you as to how we are to dispose of them."

"Begor, but it does puzzle us, captain," replied Tom of the Tap, "barring we send them all floating down the river with a bag of lead tied to their heads."

"You don't mean that," answered the young leader, with a smile. "Is there one among them that you would put to death now?"

Tom hesitated for a moment, and then answered, with a grin:

"Begor, captain, they all deserve death, and Colonel Bell worse than the rest."

"Perhaps they do, but we will give them a good lesson, anyway. I will deal with Sir Philip as I please."

"He's the worst Turk of all," cried Tom, "and I hope you won't spare him."

"I will not. All, save Colonel Bell and Sir Philip, will be set free in such a manner that they can never tell where they were or who held them prisoners, and they will be made to take a solemn oath to act the part of good landlords in the future under pain of death."

"Faith, captain," cried Tom, "but I think they

got a dose that will do them good forever and a day after."

"So I believe. Colonel Bell is an infamous rascal, and he will receive a punishment more severe than the others."

"Hanging is his full due," said Tom.

"That may be true, but we will let him live to serve as a warning to the others. To-morrow morning he will be found wandering as a lunatic near his castle, and he will be a lunatic while he lives."

"'Tis light enough the old villain is let off!" said Tom. "But he will serve as a scarecrow to the other robbers."

"And now, my friends," said the leader, in pleasant tones, "we will end the evening in the old tunnel as joyously as possible, and I propose a toast to the future of the Dark Sons of Ireland."

The toast was drank in full glee, and it was followed by songs and speeches, as the Dark Sons were in no hurry to separate for the last time.

On the following morning Colonel Bell was found wandering near the ruins of his castle, and when he was approached by the police, it was found that he was a hopeless idiot, not being able to give the least account of his late whereabouts. The other tyrant landlords returned to their homes, giving various excuses for their absences, but they did not make any allusion to their captors, or to their place of confinement. It was soon noticed that they all became more like Christians in their dealings with their fellow-beings, as well as strong advocates of a parliament for Ireland.

Harry Miner soon learned that his poor father was really a hopeless idiot in the asylum near Cork, and he made arrangements for his remaining there. Sir Philip Graves never appeared near Limerick again, and it was said that Lord Appleby was selling his estate for him, with the view of giving the proceeds to his nephew in America. Lord Appleby also became convinced that the strong hand of power would never settle matters in Ireland, and he is now an advocate of freedom for that country.

On a certain morning soon after the fight on the hill a steamer is moving out of Queenstown, and Tom of the Tap and Nancy are standing on the deck watching the shore.

"I wonder will we ever see the old land again, Tom?" said the young girl.

"To be sure we will, my girl. The rascals in there are sending some of us away now, but we will go back with a vengeance one of these days."

"I hope so, Tom. 'Tis a pity that strangers should hold the sweet land, and may they never thrive in it!"

Next week's issue will contain "YOUNG KARL KRUGER; or, THE RICHEST BOY IN THE TRANSVAAL."

---

"Why did the teacher send you home?" His father spoke sternly to his son. "Well, she wanted to give me a set of books, which one of the fellows I know used last term, and I wouldn't take them because he had gotten all there was to learn out of them."



## CURRENT NEWS

## TRAIN BURNS DRY MILK

Dr. Herman N. Bundensen, Health Commissioner of Chicago, ran a train from Englewood to Beverly Hills and back, a distance of about ten miles, using chunks of dry milk for fuel instead of coal, shattering the world's record for queen locomotive fuels. The locomotive pulled a train of five coaches, filled with 200 passengers, mostly children from an orphan asylum. The fuel was made from dried cow's milk, moistened and allowed to harden in lumps. Dr. Bundensen's object was to dramatize the idea that milk has energy.

## WILL HUNT GRIZZLIES IN ALASKA

Bound for the Valley of Ten Thousand Smokes, the bear country of Kodiak Island, and other reputed big game regions in Alaska, forty parties of hunters are scheduled to sail north in May and June. The favorite hunting ground lies north of the famous volcano of Katmai, where specimens of the brown grizzly abound. Just now

bears are coming out of hibernation wearing the massive long-haired pelts which have kept them warm throughout the winter sleep.

One party of hunters hails from Texas, another from Kansas and a third from Pennsylvania. Reports coming out of Alaska state that grizzlies, goats and mountain sheep are plentiful.

## "FOUR CORNERS" STATES

There are such States, but only one set of "four, corners" States in the United States where four States join at the corners. This point is upon a spur of the Carriso Mountains, where Colorado, Utah, New Mexico and Arizona join. It is said that at no other point on the globe do we find four States, provinces or territories uniting to form a junction. This spot is not easy of access and few tourists ever see it, yet a monument stands at the very point erected by United States surveyors and inscribed with the names of the States whose boundaries meet there.

***Please Take Notice!***

A great many readers of this publication who like good snappy detective stories are buying "MYSTERY MAGAZINE," so why don't you? No. 160 is out on the newsstands and contains the splendid novelette by JACK BECHDOLT,

**"THE SHADOW OF A NOOSE"**

It is full of adventure and shrewd detective work.

**Then, There Are Six Short Stories**

"TRAPPED BY MICROPHONE," by Harry Enton; "TRICKS OF THE NIGHT," by Jas. W. Eagan; "AS IN A GLASS DARKLY," by Crittenden Marriott; "CAUGHT IN HIS OWN NET," by Ernest Phillips; "THE DEVIL'S BLOOD PEARL," by Arthur S. Witt; "THE BROWN BAG," by St. George Rathborne.

Every one of these stories is woven around an interesting plot and contains the cleverest work of police and detectives.

**Don't Miss the New Department****"WHAT HANDWRITING REVEALS"**

Conducted by LOUISE RICE

Send her a sample of your writing and she will tell you, free of charge, what your character is and what work you are best suited to, give you good advice and help you along.

In addition to all this there are the following articles in "MYSTERY MAGAZINE," all of special interest: "NEW WAY OF SWINDLING TRAVELERS," "THE CRIMINAL LAWYER AND THE BURGLARS," "WOMEN HOLD-UP A JAIL," and "A MAIL THIEF WALKS AWAY."

**A New Serial Begins Entitled****"THE INVISIBLE CRIME"**

By GEORGE MOREHEAD

**Do not fail to get a copy of this splendid magazine!**

**For Sale On All Newsstands**



## THE BOY BEHIND THE BAR

— Or, —

### The Terrible Stories He Told

By WILLIAM WADE

(A Serial Story.)

#### CHAPTER III.

##### Jack's Revelations To His Mother.

Some of them drank freely.

At times as many as a score of people were in the place at once, and the room became blue with tobacco smoke.

Along about ten o'clock a couple of brawny workingmen got into a dispute over a game of checkers. Loud words followed, and the next moment blows were exchanged, and in a twinkling half a dozen men were pummeling each other, but no weapons were drawn.

Hutchings, who was a big, strong, broad-shouldered man, dashed in among them and hurled them right and left, but it didn't put a stop to the racket.

The barkeeper was waiting on a dozen men in front of the bar.

He seemed to pay no attention whatever to the scuffling.

The customers in front of him, however, turned their backs toward the bar and watched the fight, which continued for nearly five minutes.

Finally Hutchings seized one fellow, who seemed to be the most active one among them, and led him to the door and fired him out.

Then the others quieted down, wiped their faces, rubbed their bruises and called for more beer.

Nearly every one had a few bruises.

One man's nose was bleeding, and he went into another room, where he bathed his face and staunched the bleeding with a wet handkerchief.

The man who started the fight came in again, and Hutchings met him near the door, laid his hand upon his shoulder and said:

"See here, Joe, you are a good fellow, except when you are full. You've had enough to-night, so you had better go home, and come back again when you are sober."

"Oh, I'm all right," said Joe.

"No, you are not. You have had enough. You can't get another drink here to-night."

Joe left the place, but instead of going straight home, in accordance with Hutchings's advice, he went farther down the street to another saloon, where he got two more drinks, became mixed up in another fight and was arrested by the police and locked up.

The next morning being Sunday, Jack kept away from the saloon, but he soon learned that Joe Nichols and two other men had been arrested for being drunk and disorderly.

There was no court held on Sunday morning,

so they had to lie in the police station until nine o'clock on Monday.

Each of them was fined ten dollars and costs. This took nearly all that was left of their wages the week before and their families had to suffer in consequence.

The grocers with whom they traded were disposed to extend only a very limited amount of credit because of the propensity of the heads of the families to spend their money in saloons.

Jack's mother asked him a good many questions about it.

He told her frankly everything that happened at Hutchings's place on Saturday night; how Hutchings had put Joe Nichols out and advised him to go home, and refused to let him have another drink there.

"Oh, what a pity it is that the other saloon-keepers will not do the same thing!" she exclaimed. "They ought to make the men go home when they see that they are under the influence of drink."

"Mr. Hutchings does, mother. Neither will he sell minors drinks. In other saloons I hear that little children come in with pitchers and get them full of beer to take back to their fathers and mothers."

"Well, ain't that against the law?"

"No; I inquired about that. I believe the law is against them selling a drink to a minor, that is, a boy under twenty-one years of age cannot come in and stand up to the bar and drink, but the families can send for it in pails for family use."

"Well, I think the law ought to stop that. It is no place to send a child, girls particularly."

"No; I see girls sometimes fourteen and fifteen years old come in with a pail and get a quart of beer for their parents, and sometimes the men crack jokes with them. There is a little inclosed place where they can come in and pass the pail and the money through a window as big as my hat, without being seen by the others in the bar-room. But Mr. Hutchings has a room with tables and chairs in it, where men can come in and privately dring all they want without going into the main barroom. You would be surprised to see who they are that come in for their drinks—well-dressed men. Generally they drink nothing but beer. Sometimes a man with plenty of money will come in and call for champagne, but not very often."

"Oh, that's horrible, shameful!" exclaimed the mother.

"Yes, indeed. They come in by a side door, and not by the main entrance, as though they knew that they were doing wrong and did not want to be caught at it. I've seen a man come in with his wife and daughter, and sit down to one of the tables and take several rounds of beer."

"What! a man and his wife and daughter visit a saloon?"

"Yes; it is something that happens there every evening. I couldn't believe it hadn't I seen it with my own eyes. Mother, you know Bertie Green and Tom McCracken?"

"Yes; they have been going together for more than a year."

(To be continued.)



## GOOD READING

## CHASED BY GOAT THROUGH WINDOW

Goldie Harp, fifteen, daughter of E. W. Harp of Arkansas City, is recovering from fright caused when Billy, the Harp family's pet goat, chased her through a plate glass window. The goat, apparently attracted by the color of Goldie's dress, charged the girl, who ran up on the porch and instead of going through the door fell through the window. She was not injured.

## CHOOSING A PENCIL THE KEY TO CHARACTER

"Can character be read from the type of pencil one uses?" asks *Popular Mechanics*. According to one expert the answer is yes. Men are usually attracted by the lead and women by the outside coloring, he says. Persons of strong character know just what they want and will not be satisfied with anything else in buying, while weak characters adjust themselves to the first pencil offered them. Conservative people, who are used to certain pencils, demand what they have always had. Cautious folks wish to try out a pencil extensively before purchasing it. Freak pencils are said to be much in demand.

## SING SING CONVICT JUST WALKS AWAY

Morris Kildare, who has been in Sing Sing for five months of a one-year sentence on the charge of attempted burglary in the third degree, walked away the other day.

Kildare, with many others, was employed outside of the prison walls. He was in a company of men shoveling coal. The guard counted them from time to time. At 11 o'clock he counted them and the count was short. He checked them up again quickly and saw that Kildare was missing. There was a quick hunt in the immediate vicinity and then it became clear that Kildare had walked away.

The big prison siren began to sound. Guards on foot were sent south along the river. The man had been sent to prison from New York City and it was thought that he would try to work his way back there. Several freight trains were searched in vain.

Warden Lewis Lawes, who was in the office, sent out posses of armed guards in automobiles and afoot in all directions as the roar of the big whistle also attracted policemen and volunteer searchers.

Kildare is the first prisoner to escape from the prison in more than a year. He had been sentenced by Judge Olvany in General Sessions in Manhattan. With good conduct he would have been eligible for release Jan. 21, 1925.

## FIND STRANGE BIRDS IN PANAMA WILDS

The discovery of a virgin country in the mountains of Panama where flicks of brightly plumaged birds were seen by the eye of a white man for the first time and where deer, wild hogs and species of the cat tribe were found in large numbers, is announced by J. Manson Valentine, a member of the exploration party of the American Museum of Natural History, who returned recently after three months spent in Panama.

The party sailed from New York on Feb. 5, the object being to study the fauna of the mountain ranges of Panama. Many previous expeditions had explored other sections of this Central American republic, but this was the first party to traverse the slopes of the mountains, which rise more than 5,500 feet above sea level. Many exhibits were brought back, and some of these are now being prepared by Mr. Valentine for the Peabody Museum at Yale University.

"Exploring the cloud country, about 5,500 feet above sea level, we discovered a number of entirely new birds," Mr. Valentine said. "These were of all sizes and colors. The country through which we traveled has never been mapped, the only inhabitants being a few natives along the sea coast and scattered groups of Indians inland. Other scientific collectors have explored Panama before, but the region over which we worked has been consistently avoided. The country abounds in big game, but we had very little opportunity to shoot. We spent as much time as possible in collecting insect and bird specimens."

Mr. Valentine said that the expedition brought back more than one thousand beetles of different kinds as well as a large collection of spiders and some rare specimens of water snakes. Yale University will receive some of the specimens, including several of the few mammals brought back; the others will be exhibited at the American Museum of Natural History in New York City.

## "Mystery Magazine"

- Semi-Monthly 15 Cents A Copy
- 154 THE HOUSE ON THE ROCKS, by Jack Bechdolt.
  - 155 LAUGHING DEATH'S TRAIL, by Nels LeRoy Jorgensen.
  - 156 THE MEDICINE DROPPER, by G. P. Wilson.
  - 157 A QUESTION OF KICK, by Eugene Jones.
  - 158 THE MYSTERY OF ROARING WATERS, by Harry Adler.
  - 159 THE RIVER PIRATES, by Hamilton Craigie.

## THE SHADOW OF A NOOSE

By JACK BECHDOLT

Out Today in No. 160

HARRY E. WOLFF, Publisher, Inc.

166 West 23d Street

New York City

## "Moving Picture Stories"

A Weekly Magazine Devoted to Photoplays and Players

PRICE TEN CENTS PER COPY

Each number contains Three Stories of the Best Films on the Screen—Elegant Half-tone Scenes from the Plays—Interesting Articles About Prominent People in the Films—Doings of Actors and Actresses in the Studio and Lessons in Scenario Writing.

HARRY E. WOLFF, Publisher, Inc.

166 West 23d Street

New York



# INTERESTING RADIO NEWS AND HINTS

## DEADLY RADIO RAY

H. Grindell Matthews, an English inventor, has announced the discovery of a process for a radio electric defense which he asserts will make air raids over London in any future war possible.

The experiments thus far, according to Mr. Matthews, show that with a small dynamo he can generate invisible rays which will destroy every living thing in a sixty-four foot radius as well as explode gunpowder cartridges and put out of commission the magnetos of airplanes and automobiles. He talks also of the possibility of extending the rays so as to ruin magnetos of any plane flying at any distance above the earth. The apparatus for generating the rays could, he says, be carried on a battle plane.

## REGENERATIVE AMPLIFICATION

One of the best circuits for one stage of tuned R. F. amplification has been plotted by Arthur H. Lynch. A standard variocoupler and twin-variometer regenerator receiver has a stage of tuned radio-frequency added to it. In describing the hookup, Mr. Lynch writes:

For those who use the vario-coupler and twin variometer circuit, the addition of a single stage of radio-frequency is a comparative simple matter. It is but necessary to take the grid condenser and leak out of the circuit in which it is usually found and make a direct connection to the grid in its place. If you wish to leave the wiring as it is, the grid condenser and leak may be shortcircuited by a small piece of wire. An amplifier tube is then put in the socket which formerly held the detector and the plate voltage is raised from the customary  $16\frac{1}{2}$ — $22\frac{1}{2}$  to 45—90. It is then but necessary to couple the output of the regenerative amplifier tube to the input of a detector tube circuit.

The units required for this circuit arrangement, in addition to those in use with the regenerative receiver, include:

Filament rheostat with vernier or compression type preferred.

Fixed condenser, .001 M. F.

Resistance may be a grid leak resistance; its resistance is not a critical factor.

A vacuum-tube socket, an amplifier tube and from one to three additional B batteries complete the list.

The necessary elements for this circuit may be included in the receiver cabinet, or an additional cabinet for the coupling elements and detector control may be added. In fact, there is plenty of room in most of the cabinet to mount the condenser and resistance in them. Such units, however, are not frequently provided with rheostats capable of very delicate filament control and this is very desirable where a "glassy" detector is used.

## MAN-MADE STATIC

With the extensive use of super-sensitive radio receivers, radio listeners are more and more subject to all kinds of disturbances which heretofore, because of the relatively insensitive circuits

in use, would have passed unnoticed. Thus our super-sensitive radio receivers now pick up the make-and-break effect in an electric light circuit, the arcing of the trolley-car wheel on the trolley wire, the leakage from a faulty power transformer, the vibrating reed of the storage battery recharger, and so on. Although the electrified railroad is almost a mile distant, the writer of these lines had noticed an overwhelming avalanche of man-made static when sleet forms on the third rail and caused improper contact between rail and contact shoes. The writer has found it impossible to operate his set when an automatic traffic lamp, at the other side of the town, was not functioning properly; indeed, radio in the town was entirely demoralized until the source of the trouble was located and distinguished after a little experience by the nature of the sounds in your loud speaker or phones. If you have gone too far in regeneration, the received signals will sound mushy. Then leave it alone. This applies to the superdyne circuit.

Years ago certain old-timers who can recall the days of the cumbersome tuning coil and the troublesome crystal detector, will tell you that they never heard such static back in the pioneer days. The truth of the matter is that there were just as many causes for static disturbances as today, but the relatively sensitive receivers of those days never picked up such minute electromagnetic disturbances. It was only when an electric storm hove into view, generally speaking, that heavy static disturbances were recorded. All of which causes us to wonder whether, after all the development of the super-sensitive receiver is the best procedure for the future of radio broadcasting. The more sensitive the receiver the greater the "parasites" or extraneous electromagnetic wave disturbances. After all is said and done, the real solution of better broadcasting lies in more powerful broadcast transmitters brought nearer to the radio audience by a vast system of repeater stations.

## GROWLERS

The case for the regenerative receiver is again presented, this time by that well-known radio engineer and manufacturer, Mr. C. D. Tuska of Hartford, Conn. "Radiation from receiving sets, a brand new type of interference," states Mr. Tuska, "is creeping out and is becoming very serious. Probably 90 per cent. of the present receiver interference is due to improper and careless operation. Radiation from a receiving set improperly handled is the cause of squeals and howls in other receivers in the neighborhood. In general, all present-day receivers (regenerative radio frequency and most of the 'dynes') have at least two control knobs. One of these knobs generally covers wave lengths while the other, no matter what it is labeled, covers regeneration. Regeneration is the building up, reinforcing, or amplifying of received signals within the vacuum tubes. Regeneration carried too far causes the vacuum tube to sustain these amplified or reinforced signals and results in the generation of radio frequency currents.



is called oscillation. Regeneration, up to the point of oscillation, will never cause any interference. What happens is that the regeneration is carried a few steps too far and the receiving tube starts to radiate waves corresponding to the length at which the tuning controls are set. The receiving set becomes a transmitting outfit. How to make a novice distinguish between regeneration and oscillation is not an obvious affair. I would recommend that those of you who have receiving sets and do not know, take this suggestion and try it out on your own set: Set the wave-length dial and bring the regeneration up from the zero to the maximum position. As the regeneration is increased, using the right hand to turn the control, tap the wire leading to the grid of the detector, with the left hand. When the tube is exceeding the regenerative point and has broken into oscillation, you will hear a click or two clicks as you tap the grid connection. Sometimes you can get the same effect by tapping the aerial binding post, but the grid is the only reliable contact. Tune your set with both hands at one time. With the left hand tune the wave length control a degree or two and then use the other dial (regeneration) with the right hand, carefully bringing up this dial to the critical point of 'maximum regeneration.'

#### A COMPACT COUPLER IS SELECTIVE

With a well made single circuit regenerative receiver the results that can be obtained are nothing short of remarkable. The owners of such receiving sets are, however, experiencing quite a bit of trouble with interference. It is indeed sad that the single circuit receiver has not the selectivity of the more complex type, for without doubt it possesses great value.

Then, again, a single circuit tuner will pick up more interference from your neighbor's set than a coupled circuit tuner. Aside from the fact that a single circuit is simple to operate one of the most potent reasons for its great popularity is its economy. The so termed triple circuit set with its tandem of two variometers and variocoupler no doubt costs a little more to start off with, yet if the average beginner will take his time and patience he can actually build a triple circuit tuner for almost the same cost as a good single circuit set. The secret of the whole thing may be laid to the construction of the tuning elements. Instead of adding two variometers with a variocoupler a combination inductance coil is employed.

This coupler will embrace all the wave lengths in present day broadcasting without the use of the switch points which are generally bothersome to some experimenters. Of course, if more latitude is desired the primary can be loaded by means of honeycomb coils.

In home sets the primary can be either tuned or untuned, depending upon the signals and the amount of selectivity desired. The tuned primary will give better selectivity than the untuned. The secondary, also being of a tuned nature, will add to the selectivity of the receiver, although tuning the secondary by means of a condenser instead of a variometer is not as desirable, yet, owing to the quiet operation of the former and the saving of time in adjusting the

the operation, there is no question that the sacrifice is justified.

Generally the three circuit tuner is rated as being too selective for the average novice to operate with ease, while the single circuit receiving set removes this trouble, but has the additional disadvantage of poor tuning qualities.

The condenser used in the aerial circuit is a twenty-three plate variable. The eleven plate variable condenser is an .002 fixed condenser, used as a by-pass for the radio frequency currents. The size of the grid leak will depend upon the type of tube used. Generally, the .00025 grid condenser will suffice for the tube as far as this part of the circuit is concerned. In order to have quiet operation it is important that the constructor of his set purchase a grid leak and grid condenser of a good make. Avoid paper type condensers.

Owing to the fact that there are many types of tubes on the market, it is worth a little time to give some sidelights on the best tube. Do not try to operate C299 tube with a six ohm rheostat and expect to get wonderful results. As a rule of thumb it is well to remember that the resistance of a rheostat should be about the voltage rating of the vacuum tube used, divided by the rated filament current of the tube. For an example, tube an UV-201A. This tube has a rated filament of about .25 amperes and a voltage of 5. Dividing 5 by .25 we get 20 ohms as an approximate resistance for the rheostat. The potentiometer used is employed to regulate the regenerative adjustment, thus adding stability when tuning in distant or weak stations.

So much for the tubes and the potentiometer. Next on the list is the tuning element previously mentioned. There are three coils. One coil contains fifty turns of No. 22 single cotton covered wire wound upon a good molded rotor. The next coil is stationary and should be wound with the same size wire, but with about fifty-five turns of wire. This coil should be wound so that every turn is spaced apart. If possible have this piece of tubing turned on a screw machine so that the threads are left in its surface. Sometimes a piece of cord wound between each turn will suffice. When dry the cord can be easily removed. With this arrangement it spreads the coil and decreases disturbed capacity, the foe of selectivity. The third coil is wound on the same type of rotor ball as the first coil, but with only thirty turns.

The making of the complete tuning unit should be as follows: The secondary coil is the stationary form. Coils two and three are attached to each end respectively upon which this stationary coil is wound. In other words, the unit looks like a standard variocoupler with a rotor at each end of the stator tube instead of at one end only. One should see in the mechanical construction that the two rotors do not touch when moved. The coupling between the secondary and the primary can be adjusted separately from the tickler coupling. If the primary were made the stator, then the secondary would be movable and when the secondary and primary coupling would be changed the tickler coupling would be altered in the same amount approximately.



## PLUCK AND LUCK

NEW YORK, JULY 9, 1924

## TERMS TO SUBSCRIBERS

Single Copies.....	Postage Free	8 Cents
One Copy Three Months.....	"	\$1.00
One Copy Six Months.....	"	2.00
One Copy One Year.....	"	4.00
Canada, \$4.50; Foreign, \$5.00.		

**HOW TO SEND MONEY**—At our risk send P. O. Money Order, Check or Registered Letter; remittances in any other way are at your risk. We accept Postage Stamps the same as cash. When sending silver wrap the Coin in a separate piece of paper to avoid cutting the envelope. Write your name and address plainly. Address letters to

**HARRY E. WOLFF,** } Harry E. Wolff, Pres.  
 Publisher, Inc., } Charles E. Nylander, Sec.  
 166 W. 23d St., N. Y. } L. F. Wilzin, Treas.

## ITEMS OF INTEREST

## COAL IN SULLIVAN COUNTY

Thomas E. Moffitt, an old miner of Willowemoc, Sullivan County, N. Y., has filed the first mineral rights claim ever filed in the county. He says he has discovered soft coal, quartz and other minerals on land he has staked out.

If the mine should become a commercial proposition the owners will receive a royalty on all products, unless they sell the property outright.

## JEWELER FILES RING OFF FINGER OF GIRL

An infant's ring which had become almost covered with flesh, was filed off the finger of an eight-year-old girl by a Second avenue jeweler in New York after the child's father had been refused aid at a hospital, he told the police of the East Sixty-seventh street station.

The ring had not been removed from the child's finger since she was a baby, he told the police, and lately he had become greatly worried about it. Failing to get relief at the hospital he went to the police station, where a patrolman piloted him to a jeweler who filed it off. The names of neither father nor child were learned.

## COAL CURIOSITIES

A block of coal intact, weighing five and one-half tons, nine feet high and four feet square, was shipped from Eckhart, Md., to Baltimore, whence it goes to Milan, Italy, to be displayed at an industrial exposition. Cutting the coal represented seven days' work by four men. It was crated with loose coal dumped around the sides.

The Chinese lily bulb was gayly blossoming in the window of a coal office. But it was not resting its bulby roots on a few pebbles, in the manner of most Chinese lilies. Instead, it sprang from a bed of coal—small bits of pea coal. And it was flourishing as smilingly as if it had clean white stones beneath it.

A coal mine planted in soil where there has never been coal before will be one of the many wonders of the British Empire Exhibition to be held near London this summer. This attraction alone will cost half a million dollars.

## 18,559,787 CATHOLICS HERE

The Roman Catholic population of the United States has reached a total of 18,559,787, according to the 1924 Official Catholic Directory, issued by P. J. Kennedy & Sons, 44 Barclay street. This is an increase of 298,994 over the previous year. A statement issued in connection with the publication of the statistics and the growth of the Catholic population said:

"A further indication is evident in the number of Catholic clergymen. There are now 23,159 Catholic priests in the 104 archdioceses, dioceses and vicarates-apostolic listed in the general summary. This shows an increase of 614 over the total of last year.

"In 1924 the necrology of the clergy totaled 343. If to this figure we add the increase of 614 we obtain 957, which indicates that this number of seminarians were obtained last year, an increase of more than 100 over the newly ordained clergy for the year 1922.

"One hundred and ninety-nine new churches were established, and 550 more students were enrolled in ecclesiastical seminaries; 1,998,376 children were attending Catholic schools, an increase of 65,956 pupils in one year."

## LAUGHS

Hattie—I have so many callers that, really, I am quite fatigued. Mattie—Ah! I didn't know you were a telephone operator before.

"Jones is not looking very prosperous. I thought his wife had money!" "She had." "Then how do you account for Jones' look of poverty?" "She still has it."

"What is your idea of economy?" asked one statesman. "Making everybody except my constituents get along with as little money as possible," replied the other.

A well-dressed woman paused in front of the chestnut vender's stand. "Are they wormy?" she asked. "No, ma'am," he answered, blandly. "Did you want them with worms?"

The Lady—How much milk does the old cow give a day, Tom? Tom—About eight quarts, ma'am. The Lady—And how much of that do you sell? Tom—About twelve quarts, ma'am.

Mrs. Proudman—Our Willy got "meritorious commendation" at school last week. Mrs. O'Bull—Well, well! Ain't it awful, the number of strange diseases that's ketched by school children?

"The count has promised that he will never beat or kick me if I will marry him," said the beautiful heiress. "But has he promised to work for you?" her father asked. "Oh, papa, don't be unreasonable."

"Mabel always said she would never marry any but a professional man. "And has she fulfilled her desire?" "Yes; her husband is Professor Thiddleton. He has an educated goat and a trained monkey that he exhibits on the stage."



## BRIEF BUT POINTED

### BIGGEST ELECTRIC SIGN

The world's biggest electrical display, the sign advertising Clicquot Club Ginger Ale, on the roof of the Putnam Building, overlooking Times Square, New York, was turned on at 9:30 o'clock the other night. The sign is a complete city block long and is fifty-eight feet high, equal in height to a six-story building. The sign represents an Eskimo boy on a sledge riding toward the Aurora Borealis, cracking a whip. At each crack of the whip a word looms up in the sign. The display replaces the famous chewing gum advertisement.

### WINE STORED IN QUEEN'S DOLL HOUSE

English prohibitionists, who although not numerous are as decided in their views as those of any other land, have been aroused to righteous indignation by the discovery that Queen Mary's million dollar doll house has wine cellars containing miniature cases of champagne, whisky and other alcoholic beverages which they say no self-respecting doll would drink or even have in the house.

Protests have been made, but without results, and her majesty's exquisitely furnished replica of a fine English home, wine cellars and all, will be on view at the Windsor exhibition to any and all of her subjects who wish to contribute sixpence to charity.

### CIRCULAR SAWS OF PAPER

Circular saws are made of paper, for use in making veneer and fine furniture and are turned out in a factory in England. Thin plates of wood cut by these saws are so finely finished that cabinet makers do not have to plane them at all before they are used. Such saws were originally shown at an English exposition and were driven by an electric motor. They are manufactured from a special type of compressed drawing paper, says the *Scientific American*.

Indeed, compacted paper of such hardness has been made in England that it has even been utilized in place of building stone. Experiments in the manufacture of car wheels from compressed paper have been made in the United States for a number of years, but the product has never competed seriously with the ordinary steel wheels. It is only in the production of certain articles as the veneer saws that any advantage is found.

### OLDEST KNOWN PEN

Among the discoveries at Kish is a great treasure in the shape of the oldest known pen. Professor Langdon, the director of the Weld-Blundell and Field Museum archeological expedition, who was delighted at finding this bone stylus for writing cuneiform, says that many scholars had vainly tried to reconstruct the instrument. The stylus is a triumph of simplicity. It is a bone six inches long, with a triangular cross section and pared ends. After a little practice Professor Langdon was able to make cuneiform inscriptions on clay with fair rapidity. Professor Langdon considers that the mound twenty miles southeast

of Nippur may be identified as the site of the city of Isin.

Isin was the capital of a dynasty which ruled over a great part of Babylonia after that of Ur, from about B. C. 2280 to about B. C. 2050.

### ANTS KEEP PETS

An insect known as the aphid, which lives upon the leaves of plants, is an insect much sought after by ants. The aphid feeds upon the juice of the plants on which it makes its home, and converts that juice into honey. The ant is extremely fond of honey and consequently wages unceasing war against the aphid to make them prisoners, not to work, as is the case with other captives, but to use as a source of food, in fact, the aphides are herded as we herd cows. On coming to an aphid the ant gently caresses its body, strokes it, and causes the aphid to part with the honey that it contains, in somewhat the same manner that we milk a cow. Under the supervision and care of the ants the aphides grow fat. The ants collect the eggs of the aphid and carry them from place to place, for warmth and shelter, and treat them with the greatest care. During the cold weather the eggs which have been left on the leaves of plants in the warm weather are now brought down into the nest and the most careful attendance is given them. Months later, when the eggs hatch, the body aphides are carried to the open and placed on the leaves where they have lain while in the egg form. Thus they are sure of a supply of honey all summer, as well as the stock of aphid eggs ready to be hatched the following summer.

Just as we keep dogs and cats, so do the ants keep pets. Insects which can be of no use to the ants are kept in the nest, and are played with and fondled by the owners. These pets share the food of the ants and are no more than ornaments to the nest as far as utility goes.

Another captive of the ant is an extraordinary insect known as the honey ant. It is in reality a living honey pot and is kept by the ants as a sort of warehouse in which to store honey. Full grown honey pots never leave the nest but stay indoors and wait for the ants to come and take the food from them. The honey pots are so enormously swollen with the amount of honey stored in their bodies that, were they to fall over, they would be unable to get up unless helped.

Many of the captives of the ants have been born such, having been taken in the form of eggs or pupa from some ravaged nest. The captors take the best of care of these pupa or chrysalis while they are in the process of hatching, carrying them into the sunlight and back to bed at night, so that the proper amount of heat and moisture necessary for their proper development is secured.

Some ants are so dependent upon slaves that they even have to be fed by them, and when it becomes necessary to move the nest from one place to another it is the slave that does the work, even to carrying his captor, but were it not for their slaves they would die in the midst of plenty.



## PLUCK AND LUCK

### ITEMS OF INTEREST

#### HERRING INVADE CITY

Hundreds of thousands of herring flopped about in puddles and mud at Pembroke, Mass., because they had taken the wrong road. When a careless employee, a short time ago, left open the sluice gate leading from Short Brook into a big cranberry bog the fish swarmed into the ditches. The water has been running out of the bog, leaving the fish stranded. The proprietor hired extra help to gather them up and announced that they would be given to any one willing to come for them.

#### AXLES TURN TO ANCHORS

Discarded axles from railroad cars are converted into ship anchors in a factory at Seattle, Wash. Anchors ranging from ten pounds to two tons weight are turned out by the thousands yearly. Thousands of small anchors, used by fishermen of Alaska and Puget Sound, are hand-forged from the sturdy iron of the railway rolling stock.

For many years the large railroad shops were littered with cast-off car wheels and axles for lack of a market. In the mean time anchor factories in the West sought cheap iron for raw material.

#### TWO BIG CLOCKS

The clock in the British House of Parliament at Westminster was designed by Lord Grimthorpe (then E. B. Dennison) and was first set going in 1860. The tower is 320 feet high and the dials are 180 feet from the ground. Each of the dials is 22½ feet in diameter. The pendulum is 13 feet long and weighs nearly 900 pounds, while the hour bell, known as "Big Ben," is nine feet in diameter and weighs 13 tons, the quarter-hour bells weigh, collectively, eight tons. The largest clock in the United States is the one erected over the works of the Colgate Company, in Jersey City. Its dial is 38 feet across and it contains within its circle 1,134 square feet. The minute hand is 20 feet long and the mechanism is run by a 2,000-pound weight. The clock weighs six tons.

#### 'COON WASHES ALL MEAT

The raccoon, colloquially called "coon," because of its manner of walking and other similarities to the bear, has been nicknamed "the little brother of the bear." It is common to the whole of the United States. It religiously clings to a quaint trait of washing meat of all kinds before eating it, says the *Detroit News*.

When meat is offered the raccoon it must be thoroughly washed or else eaten under protest, apparently, many a coon preferring to go hungry rather than eat flesh which it has not been allowed to wash. Moreover, the raccoon is not willing to let any one else do the washing for it, insisting rather on being allowed to do it all for himself, holding its food in both forepaws and sousing it about in the water—no matter how dirty it is—until it is reduced to a pallid, flabby unappetizing mess which only a coon could look upon without misgiving.

#### CYPRESS ISLAND GOATS HAVE A NEW OWNER

Many years ago a wealthy man established a goat farm on Cypress Island in Puget Sound. During the war he abandoned the animals to their fate. The small herd survived and in the wild state propagated rapidly. So there are now several thousand goats running free lance over Cypress Island.

J. W. DeBitt of Seattle has acquired title to the island and its goats and has begun the work of corralling the herd. He plans now to establish one of the largest goat farms in the Northwest, shipping the milk and meat to coast cities. Free to run everywhere, the goats have changed Cypress Island into a park-like spot by clearing up the undergrowth and shrubs. Fine grass has grown up and furnishes abundant pasturage.

## LOOK, BOYS! TRAPEZEE

### The Acrobatic Wonder Toy

ALMOST HUMAN IN ITS  
ACTIONS!

It consists of a handsome parallel iron frame on which the little yellow man accurately performs like an athlete.

#### Five Different Stunts —

**THE FLYING TRAPEZE** — Release the trigger-pin and the figure swings forward, gripping the brass trapeze-bar, turns a somersault in the air and catches a cross-bar by his heels.

**THROUGH THE LOOP** — A swift swing and he goes through a wire loop, makes a turn and, catching by his heels, swings head downward from a bar.

**THE GIANT SWING** — He goes forward with a rush, releases the trapeze, catches a horizontal-bar with his heels, makes two swift somersaults in the air and catches by his heels again.

He performs two more horizontal-bar acts with the grace and agility of a circus star, and many new ones can be invented.

The Most Wonderful Toy in  
the World!

PRICE \$1.50

The collapsible stand and the little manikin are neatly packed in a handsome box. Delivered anywhere in the United States on receipt of price. Address

WOLFF NOVELTY CO.,

166 W. 23d St., New York City, N. Y.



# \$90 Drafting Course FREE

There is such an urgent demand for practical, trained Draftsmen that I am making this special offer in order to enable deserving, ambitious and bright men to get into this line of work. I will teach you to become a Draftsman and Designer until you are Drawing a salary of \$250.00 a month. You need not pay me for my personal instruction or for the complete set of instruments. But you must take advantage of this special offer at once.

## \$300 a Month Salary— \$450 on the Side at Home!



Chief Draftsman Dobe

That's the kind of money my drafting students make. Read what this one says:

*"As a beginner I am doing fine. Am earning a salary of \$300 per month, besides I made over \$450 at home the last two months, drawing plans for private parties. The practical drafting training you gave me by mail put me where I am in less than six month's study. Thank you for all your personal interest and help you gave me so far."*

(Signed) J. B.

(Name and address upon request)

## I Guarantee

**To Train You Until You Are  
Placed in a Position Paying  
up to \$250 and \$300 a Month**

Write and I'll tell you how I make you a first-class, big-money-earning draftsman in a very few months! I do this by a method no other man nor institution can imitate. I give you personal training at home by mail until you are actually placed in a position paying up to \$250 and \$300 a month. Six thousand draftsmen are wanted every month.

## Free Book

**Send Coupon Today** 

No matter what plans you have for the future. Get this great book—"Successful Draftsmanship." Find out about the simply marvelous opportunities ahead now. How the world needs draftsmen, engineers, architects and builders. What great salaries and possibilities there are! Send coupon for free book today.

**Chief Draftsman, Engineers Equipment Co.**  
1951 Lawrence Ave. Div. B-109 Chicago, Ill.



## This Outfit FREE

And more—I give you a whole set of drafting tools the minute you become my student. You get every tool you need. A magnificent set of instruments which will build your success in draftsmanship.

**Chief Draftsman, Engineers Equipment Co.**

1951 Lawrence Ave. Div. B-109 Chicago, Ill.

Without any obligation whatsoever, please mail your book, "Successful Draftsmanship", and full particulars of your liberal "Personal Instruction" offer to few students.

Name ..... Age .....

Address .....

Post Office ..... State .....



# If New Hair Doesn't Grow After Using My Method —I Don't Want a Penny!

I mean just exactly what I say! I don't care how thin your hair may be—I don't care how many treatments you have taken without results. If my new discovery won't restore your hair, I don't want to keep a cent of your money! Furthermore I'll send you the proof of what I have done for others entirely FREE! Just mail the coupon below.

By ALOIS MERKE

Founder of Famous Merke Institute, Fifth Avenue, New York

**A**FTER 17 years' experience in treating baldness—which included long years of experimentation in Heidelberg, Paris, Berlin, and other centers of scientific research—I have discovered a startling new way to promote hair growth.

At the Merke Institute, Fifth Avenue, New York—which I founded—I have treated scores of prominent stage and social celebrities. Many have paid as high as \$500 for the results I have brought them.

Yet now, through a series of ingenious inventions, I have made it possible for everyone to avail themselves of my discovery—right in their own homes, and at a cost of only a few cents a day!

## My Unusual Guarantee

I know you are skeptical. I know that you have tried perhaps dozens of different remedies and treatments without results. All right. Perhaps my treatment cannot help you either. I don't know. But I do know that it has banished falling hair and dandruff for hundreds of others. I do know that it has already given thick, luxuriant hair to people who long ago had despaired of regaining their hair. And I am so downright positive that it will do the same for you that I absolutely GUARANTEE to grow new hair on your head—and if I fail, then the test is free.

## Entirely New Method

### Actual Results

(Dozens of letters like the following are received every day by the Merke Institute)

"The top of my head is now almost covered with new hair about one-half inch long. I have been trying five years, but could never find anything to make my hair grow until your treatment." T. C.

"Ten years ago my hair started falling. Four years ago I displayed a perfect full moon. I tried everything—but without results. Today, however, thanks to your treatment, I have a new crop of hair one inch long." F. H. B.

What is my method? It is entirely different from anything you ever heard of. No massaging—no singeing—no "mange" cures—no unnecessary fuss or bother of any kind. Yet results are usually noticeable even after the very first few treatments.

Many people have the idea when the hair falls out and no new hair appears, that the hair roots are always dead. I have disproved this. For I have found in many cases that the hair roots were NOT dead, but merely dormant! Yet even if the



scalp is completely bare, it is now possible in the majority of cases to awaken these dormant roots, and stimulate an entirely new growth of hair! I KNOW this to be true—because I do it every day.

Ordinary measures failed because they did not penetrate to these dormant roots. To make a tree grow, you would not think of rubbing "growing fluid" on the bark. Instead you would get right to the roots. And so it is with the hair.

There is only one method I know about of penetrating direct to the roots and getting nourishment to them. And this method is embodied in the treatment that I now offer you. The treatment can be used in any home in which there is electricity.

Already hundreds of men and women who only recently were bald or troubled with thin falling hair, have through this method, acquired hair so thick that it is the envy and admiration of their friends. As for dandruff and similar scalp disorders, these usually disappear after the first few applications.

Remember—I do not ask you to risk "one penny." You try it on my absolute GUARANTEE. If after 30 days you are not more than delighted with the growth of hair produced, then I'll gladly return every cent you have paid me. I don't want your money unless I grow hair on your head.

## Free Booklet Explains Treatment

If you will merely fill in and mail the coupon below I will gladly send you—without cost or obligation—an interesting 32-page booklet, describing my treatment in detail.

This booklet contains much helpful information on the care of the hair—and in addition shows by actual photographs what my treatment is doing for others.

No matter how bald you are—no matter if you are completely bald, this booklet will prove of deepest interest to you. So mail the coupon now—and it will be sent you by return mail.

**ALLIED MERKE INSTITUTES, Inc.,**  
512 Fifth Avenue New York City, Dept. 655

ALLIED MERKE INSTITUTES, Inc., Dept. 655  
512 Fifth Avenue, New York.

Please send me, without cost or obligation on my part, a copy of the new booklet describing in detail the Merke Institute Home Treatment.

Name .....

Address .....

City ..... State .....



## A PERFECT-LOOKING NOSE



Can Easily Be Yours

Trados Model No. 25 corrects now all ill shaped noses quickly, painlessly, permanently, and comfortably at home. It is the only safe and guaranteed patent device that will actually give you a perfect looking nose. Over \$7,000 satisfied users. For years

recommended by physicians. 16 years of experience in manufacturing Nose Shapers is at your service. Model 25 junior for children.

Write for free booklet, which tells you how to obtain a perfect looking nose.

M. TRILETY, SPECIALIST  
Dept. 2083 Binghamton, N. Y.

**OLD MONEY WANTED**  
\$2 to \$500 EACH paid for hundreds of old coins. Keep ALL Old or odd money, it may be VERY valuable. Send 10 cts. for ILLUSTRATED COIN VALUE BOOK, 4x6. Get Posted. We pay CASH.  
CLARKE COIN CO., Ave 13, LeRoy, N. Y.

**SEND NO MONEY Big 3 foot Telescope in 5 Sections**  
See people and objects miles away just like they were close, see Moon and Stars as you never did before. Brass bound, useful and entertaining. "Could tell color of aeroplane 4 miles away" - Mrs. Yarbrough. "Watch my boy arrive at school 2 miles away" - Mrs. Horn. "Read numbers on freight cars mile away, see mountains on moon" - A. C. Palmer. Thousands pleased.  
**SPECIAL OFFER.** Send just your name. On arrival pay postman \$1.85 plus few cents postage. Satisfaction Guaranteed or money back.  
FERRY & CO. 630 Jackson Blvd. Dept. 2465 Chicago, Ill.

## MONEY FOR YOU

Spare or Full Time

Introducing the famous Artex French Pearl Necklaces.

No Investment or Experience Necessary  
\$12 a day easy with our new selling idea—you take the order after showing sample and collect your commission immediately. We deliver and collect balance—only 12 sales daily gives you \$72 per week—also fine spare time proposition to ladies or men. Send for particulars and FREE Sample pearl at once.

ARTEX SALES COMPANY  
1133 Broadway, New York, N. Y.

**TOBACCO, LIQUOR and MORPHINE**  
Habits can be overcome with the aid of **HILL'S CHLORIDE OF GOLD PREPARATIONS.** Liquor remedy can be given secretly. Particulars Free.

OHIO CHEMICAL WORKS,  
Dept. 6, Westfield, N. Y.

**Ma Ma Doll FREE**  
she Walks-Talks Sleeps-Swings  
Yea! she will walk with you and talk; says "Ma Ma" just like a real, live baby. Lay her down and she goes to sleep. Put her in her cute little swing and she's a happy, laughing Dollie; the dearest, most lovable Doll, with rosy cheeks, big blue eyes, ruby lips—and the sweetest face. She is dressed just right to romp and play and is 15 in. tall.  
**Doll-Swing-Glasses Given**  
We send you this handsome Walking, Talking, Sleeping Dollie, with her own little swing and Doll Eyeglasses ALL FREE for selling only 14 packages of Perfumed Sachet -- 10¢ each. Write to-day. Send no Money.  
JONES MFG. CO. Dept. 222 ATTLEBORO, MASS

# TOBACCO

## Habit Cured or No Pay

Any form, cigars, cigarettes, pipe, chewing or snuff  
Guaranteed. Harmless. Complete treatment sent on trial. Costs \$1.00 if it cures. Nothing if it fails.  
SUPERBA CO. M-21, Baltimore, Md.

## FREE Navy Model AIRSHIP AND PARACHUTE

Boys! Here is the great navy model Airship. Large 6 ft. air bag with inflators, parachute with automatic release and complete instructions for flying. Will fly for miles at height of 1,000 feet. Many flights can be made. Great chance to study aerial navigation. Send today for 12 packages of perfumed sachet, sell at 10¢ each, return money when sold and this wonderful airship is yours. Boys if you want real sport get this airship. Write today  
JONES MFG. CO., Dept. 221 ATTLEBORO, MASSACHUSETTS

## HANDS UP!

GET one of these little beauties right now, and protect yourself against hold-up thugs, rowdies, etc. and at the same time it serves as the best novelty cigarette case ever invented.

Made exactly like the real thing! Just pull the trigger, back flies the lid showing a full package of your cigarettes. Lots of fun scaring your friends and at the same time useful and a great protector.

Made of light weight metal, gun metal finish, 4 1/2 inches long. Sold exclusively by us. Order at once, supply limited. Special introductory price \$1.79 each. Pay postman on delivery our price plus postage. Money back if not satisfied.

PATHFINDER COMPANY  
P 6 B 534 Sixth Avenue New York



## U. S. Government Needs Men!

Wonderful opportunities in Civil Service. Thousands of men and women appointed every year as Income Tax Auditors, Bookkeepers, Railway Mail Clerks, Postmen, Deputy Collectors, etc. Generous salaries, short hours, liberal vacations. Positions open in Washington and in every other city of this country as well as in Porto Rico, Alaska, Hawaii and the Philippines. Write for 48-page FREE BOOKLET on CIVIL SERVICE.

Mail the Coupon To-day

INTERNATIONAL CORRESPONDENCE SCHOOLS  
Box 4490-C, Scranton, Penna.

Without cost or obligation, please send me a copy of your 48-page CIVIL SERVICE BOOKLET, which tells how I can secure a good-paying position with the U. S. Government.

Name.....

Address.....



## PLUCK AND LUCK

— LATEST ISSUES —

- 1324 Fighting with Washington; or, The Boy Regiment of the Revolution.
- 1325 The Smartest Boy in Philadelphia; or, Dick Rollins' Fight for a Living.
- 1326 The White Boy Chief; or, The Terror of the North Platte.
- 1327 The Boy Senator; or, How He Won His Toga.
- 1328 Napoleon's Boy Guardsman; or, A Hero at Eighteen.
- 1329 Driven Adrift; or, The Trip of the Daisy.
- 1330 Bob the Walf; or, A Story of Life in New York.
- 1331 The Wildest Boy in New York; or, Saved at the Brink.
- 1332 Bushwhacker Ben; or, The Union Boys of Tennessee.
- 1333 The Night Riders of Ravenswood; A Strange Story of Arizona.
- 1334 Phil the Boy Fireman; or, Through the Flames to Victory.
- 1335 The Boy Slave; or, A Young New Yorker in Central America.
- 1336 Dunning & Co.; or, The Boy Brokers.

For sale by all newsdealers, or will be sent to any address on receipt of price, 7c. per copy, in money or postage stamps.

### THE FOLLOWING NUMBERS PRICE 8 CENTS

- 1337 Daniel Boone's Best Shot; or, The Perils of the Kentucky Pioneers.
- 1338 Ollie, The Office Boy; or, The Struggles of a Poor Walf.
- 1339 The Two Boy Stowaways; or, A Strange Voyage On a Doomed Ship.
- 1340 Columbia; or, The Young Firemen of Glendale.
- 1341 Paddling On the Amazon; or, Three Boy Canoeists in South America.
- 1342 Happy Jack, the Daring Spy; A Story of the Great Rebellion.
- 1343 Nameless Nat; or, A Millionaire in Rags.
- 1344 The Boy Mail Carrier; or, Government Service in Minnesota.
- 1345 The Boy Messenger of Russia; or, The Czar's Secret Despatch Bearer.
- 1346 Monte Cristo, Jr.; or, The Diamonds of the Borgias.
- 1347 The Boy Privateer Captain; or, Lost on a Nameless Sea.
- 1348 The Boys in Blue; or, Football Champions of Cherryville.
- 1349 From Bootblack to Broker; or, The Luck of a Wall Street Boy.
- 1350 The Block House Boys; or, The Young Pioneers of the Great Lakes.
- 1351 The White Boy Slaves; or, The Student Exiles of Siberia.
- 1352 A Coral Prison; or, The Two Boy Hermits of the Indian Ocean.
- 1353 Dick "I Will; or, The Plucky Fight of a Boy Orphan.
- 1354 Larry of the Lantern; or, The Smugglers of the Irish Coast.
- 1355 My Chum Charlie; or, The Strange Adventures of Two New York Boys.
- 1356 The Boyhood Days of "Pawnee Bill"; or, From the Schoolroom to the Frontier.
- 1357 The Young Deserters; or, The Mystery of Ramsay Island.
- 1358 The Bowery Prince; or, A Bootblack's Road to Fame.
- 1359 Jack Mosby, the Guerilla King; or, Riding and Raiding in the Rebellion.
- 1360 A Lwyer at 17; and, The Fee That Made His Fortune.
- 1361 The Houseboat Boys; or, Stirring Adventures in the Northwest.

HARRY E. WOLFF, Publisher, Inc.,

166 West 23d Street.

New York City

## SCENARIOS HOW TO WRITE THEM

Price 35 Cents Per Copy

This book contains all the most recent changes in the method of construction and submission of scenarios. Sixty Lessons, covering every phase of scenario writing. For sale by all Newsdealers and Bookstores. If you cannot procure a copy, send us the price, 35 cents, in money or postage stamps, and we will mail you one, postage free. Address.

L. Senarens, 210 Seventh Ave., New York, N. Y.

## OUR TEN-CENT HAND BOOKS

Useful, Instructive, and Amusing. They contain Valuable Information on Almost Every Subject.

**No. 57. HOW TO MAKE MUSICAL INSTRUMENTS.**—Full directions how to make a Banjo, Violin, Zither, Aeolian Harp, Xylophone and other musical instruments; together with a brief description of nearly every musical instrument used in ancient or modern times. Profusely illustrated. By Algernon S. Fitzgerald, for twenty years bandmaster of the Royal Bengal Marines.

**No. 58. HOW TO BECOME A DETECTIVE.**—By Old King Brady, the world-known detective. In which he lays down some valuable and sensible rules for beginners, and also relates some adventures and experiences of well-known detectives.

**No. 60. HOW TO BECOME A PHOTOGRAPHER.**—Containing useful information regarding the Camera and how to work it; also how to make Photographic Magic Lantern Slides and other Transparencies. Handsomely illustrated.

**No. 64. HOW TO MAKE ELECTRICAL MACHINES.**—Containing full directions for making electrical machines, inductions coils, dynamos, and many novel toys to be worked by electricity. By R. A. R. Bennett. Fully illustrated.

**No. 65. MULDOON'S JOKES.**—The most original joke book ever published, and it is brimful of wit and humor. It contains a large collection of songs, jokes, conundrums, etc., of Terrence Muldoon, the great wit, humorist, and practical joker of the day.

**No. 67. HOW TO DO ELECTRICAL TRICKS.**—Containing a large collection of instructive and highly amusing electrical tricks, together with illustrations. By A. Anderson.

**No. 68. HOW TO DO CHEMICAL TRICKS.**—Containing over one hundred highly amusing and instructive tricks with chemicals. By A. Anderson. Handsomely illustrated.

**No. 69. HOW TO DO SLEIGHT-OF-HAND.**—Containing over fifty of the latest and best tricks used by magicians. Also containing the secret of second sight. Fully illustrated.

**No. 72. HOW TO DO SIXTY TRICKS WITH CARDS.**—Embracing all of the latest and most deceptive card tricks, with illustrations.

**No. 73. HOW TO DO TRICKS WITH NUMBERS.**—Showing many curious tricks with figures and the magic of numbers. By A. Anderson. Fully illustrated.

**No. 74. HOW TO WRITE LETTERS CORRECTLY.**—Containing full instructions for writing letters on almost any subject; also rules for punctuation and composition, with specimen letters.

**No. 76. HOW TO TELL FORTUNES BY THE HAND.**—Containing rules for telling fortunes by the aid of lines of the hand, or the secret of palmistry. Also the secret of telling future events by aid of moles, marks, scars, etc. Illustrated.

**No. 77. HOW TO DO FORTY TRICKS WITH CARDS.**—Containing deceptive Card Tricks as performed by leading conjurers and magicians. Arranged for home amusement. Fully illustrated.

**No. 79. HOW TO BECOME AN ACTOR.**—Containing complete instructions how to make up for various characters on the stage; together with the duties of the Stage Manager, Prompter, Scenic Artist and Property Man.

**No. 80. GUS WILLIAMS' JOKE BOOK.**—Containing the latest jokes, anecdotes and funny stories of this world-renowned German comedian. Sixty-four pages; handsome colored cover containing a half-tone photo of the author.

**No. 82. HOW TO DO PALMISTRY.**—Containing the most approved methods of reading the lines on the hand, together with a full explanation of their meaning. Also explaining phrenology, and the key for telling character by the bumps on the head. By Leo Hugo Koch, A. C. S. Fully illustrated.

**No. 84. HOW TO BECOME AN AUTHOR.**—Containing information regarding choice of subjects, the use of words and the manner of preparing and submitting manuscript. Also containing valuable information as to the neatness, legibility and general composition of manuscript.

For sale by all newsdealers, or will be sent to any address on receipt of price, 10c. per copy, in money or stamps, by

HARRY E. WOLFF, Publisher, Inc.

166 West 23d Street

New York City







